

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWS PAPER

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DESTRUCTION OF AMERICAN LIFE.

As a reflection of the passing events of the day, our own present number naturally makes itself up of shocking accidents and sickening details of the loss of life. The same soul-sickening incidents which appear in our columns have already been published, more or less complete, in other papers; but it is not until we see pictorial representations, until we see the terrors of the scenes brought vividly before our eyes by the genius of art, that we can fully comprehend the magnitude of the evils under which individuals labor, and the country is cursed. We claim for ourselves a degree of personal independence in this country nowhere else enjoyed. The theory is, that we are personally valuable, have a place in the government, and in fact, are sovereigns, and our public men, the law makers, are our servants. Our liberty, however, in the matter of the protection of life and limb, runs into licentiousness, for under no government in the world is life so little esteemed, or so recklessly wasted.

The Emperors of Russia and France own their subjects; they create wars by their fiat alone, and engulf hundreds and thousands of their fellow-countrymen in the waste of war; but the war over, or not existing, no persons or rather no governments are so careful of the people. Public conveyances are under especial surveillance; and steamboat captains and railroad companies are held to the strictest accountabilities if under their administration the humblest person is injured or meets with serious calamity. It is a crying shame that under monarchial and autocratic governments there is a safety of person that is not enjoyed in this, our otherwise superior country.

In America, life appears to have no value; so stolid are our masses, that they forget the next day appalling circumstance;

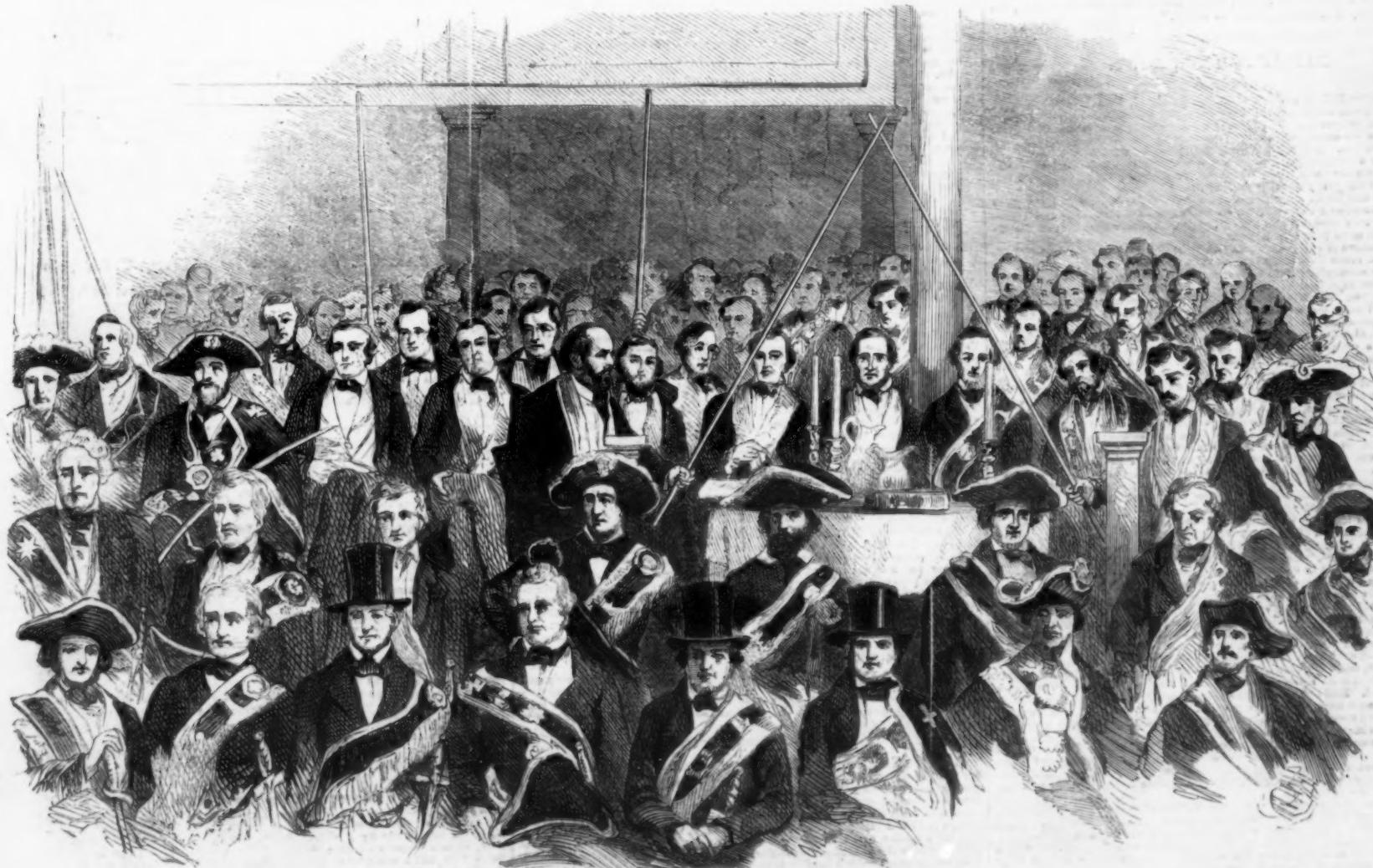
from the evils of which they escaped as if by miracle, and from which scores of their friends were hurried into an untimely grave. In New York, precedence has set the absolute value of a human creature to be five thousand dollars. The directors of railroads may slay without remorse or without fear if they stand ready, in case of extremity, to pay down the price of shedding blood. Murder under other circumstances can alone be atoned by hanging, or incarceration in the penitentiary for life; but murder by carelessness on railroads can be compounded, and the guilty parties can thus escape. By an ingenious construction, if an individual is killed outright no penalty can be inflicted; but if only maimed, possibly damages can be, in rare instances, recorded. Under all circumstances, the chances are in favor of the guilty corporation, for few individuals have purses long enough to compete with these irresponsible corporations, which first have the power to deprive you of life, or, what is worse, of your power to exist except as a cripple, and then can wrong you out of the possibility of obtaining any redress, by a long purse and the consequent advantages of the law's delay.

In the Camp Hill slaughter everything was aggravated; utter recklessness did its worst. Hundreds of little children, their eyes beaming with delight, are intrusted to the care of those railroad conductors. Innocence and helplessness characterized the mass of human beings. These little ones who should have called forth extra care, in all confidence walked into the trap of death, and were instantly sent into eternity, or mangled into jelly, or slowly burnt alive, as a consequence. It is no wonder that the conductor could not live to bear the weight of his guilty conscience; one single glance at the ruin he had created harrowed up his soul and made him long for an escape in the uncertainty of the grave. He went before his Maker not only with the blood of the "innocents" upon his soul, but added to his

turpitude by self-destruction. How much better that he had been a conscientious man, a proper person to adorn his office, who had rejoiced that it was in his power to make hundreds happy, make childhood remember genial hours and sunny reminiscences, or lived to have heard their blessings, uttered in joyous laughs, exhibited by cheeks flushed with health—by the display of universal happiness. He might, instead of appearing unprepared before his God as a murderer of others and himself, lived to enjoy the blessings and prayers of the grateful little people intrusted to his mercy.

To say that this man deserved not his fate is absurd; the utter irresponsibility which attended the administration of his duties gradually made him indifferent to all consequences, and he had long ceased to consider the thousands intrusted to his care in any other light than merchandise, that was to be transported from point to point; the money for the labor having been paid, it made no difference how the responsibility was performed, the only point was to get through a disagreeable obligation, to incur another, that more money for the corporation might be the result.

As is usual, the directors of the railroad company have issued a card expressing deep sympathy with the sufferers, and pledge themselves to a continuance of active benevolence, in hopes that they will thus alleviate to some extent the cruel evils of the calamity. This is but mockery; their treasury might be exhausted—individually they might be beggared—but they cannot restore to the desolated firesides those who now slumber in the grave; nothing they can do will assuage the grief they have occasioned, or lessen the reverberations of those screams of agony sent up by mutilated human beings, who were crushed, lacerated, and in many instances destroyed by the torturing agony of slow burning fire, doing its work beneath a tropical sun. It is too late now to



MASONIC CELEBRATION AT CHICAGO, ILL. (FROM AN AMBROTYPE BY HESLER.)

talk of redress; the power was in their hands before the accident happened. Then it was that they could, without sacrifice of pecuniary interests, have made that holiday excursion beam with smiles, and witnessed the thanks of hundreds of happy creatures, to comfort them in the labors of the day, and act as ministering angels around their firesides at night.

The question suggests itself, Will the experience of the past do anything for the future? Are these tragedies to be constantly enacted, to be accompanied by the same unavailing regrets, or will public opinion now demand a reconstruction of the laws controlling railroad corporations, which will really reach the guilty road, and hold it responsible in other ways than by damages? Now, we can neither imprison or hang a corporation whatever may be the amount of murder it commits, and this is the reason that murder is so rife. The laws should reach these guilty parties, as they do others who offend, making them answerable each man for his own act.

It is very properly suggested, that a law should be enacted making the conductor of every railway train which meets with an accident resulting in death liable for manslaughter, and then these things would cease. Upon such a trial, every circumstance connected with the affair could and would be thoroughly investigated. If no blame was apparent on the face of the evidence, the conductor would be acquitted, and his character would stand as fair as ever; if he were guilty, let him end his days in prison, or "swing," an object of execration to the multitude. Why should he cumber the earth?

Congress could in the most effective way reach the evil we complain of. Let our national Legislature declare our railroads throughout the entire country, "post roads," and then make rules to regulate them that would bear equally on all. Suits against these powerful corporations should be brought in the Federal Courts; they are freer from local influences, are not controlled by corporations. The judges presiding hold their places for life, and the jurors need no other qualification than being citizens of the United States. If this were the arrangement, corporations could not, as is now sometimes the case, absolutely buy up a State, or so much of it as to render them above the law, and perfectly indifferent to all consequences following their acts of heedlessness and indifference to life. Will not the rapidly increasing chapters of terrible accidents on railways, and on our rivers and lakes secure us, the travelling community, efficient laws for our protection?

GRAND MASONIC FESTIVAL AT CHICAGO.

ST. JOHN'S Day was made the occasion of a grand Masonic festival. A large number of Masons from abroad were present to participate in the ceremonies. The marshal of the day was W. H. Davis. An oration was delivered by the Rev. Dr. McMaster, of Alton. A banquet followed, and letters were received from Gen. Cass, Chancellor Walworth, B. H. French, Reverdy Johnson, Gen. Quinton and others. The place provided for the ceremonies was large and airy, and gave every one present an opportunity of witnessing them. No ceremony can be more imposing than those connected with the "Dedication of the Temple," and on this occasion everything was done calculated to make them imposing. Among the letters read, was the following extract from that of Gen. Cass: "I am glad to find that the old time-honored institution, on whose rolls are inscribed the names of hosts of eminent and virtuous men, — and among them the first of names, Washington, — yet sustained and nourished among you. Venerable for its integrity, entitled to universal respect for the purity of its doctrine, and striving to guide the human heart from temptations and error, it is a monument of past wisdom and virtue which has survived the shock of time, and I trust will long survive it, to go on in its noble work of making brethren of the family of man, teaching them, in the language of the Psalmist of Israel, which has come down to us as part of our service, to dwell together in unity."

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

By the steamer Fallon, arrived at this port July 17, from Havre July 2, we received important intelligence of the substantial settlement of the difficulty between Great Britain and the United States, growing out of the misunderstanding upon the construction of the meaning of the terms of the Clayton-Bulwer convention. A treaty has been negotiated between Great Britain and Honduras, by which the Bay Islands are retroceded to the last-named power, upon such conditions as are acceptable to our Minister, Mr. Dallas, and in accordance with the policy of our government.

The British and North American mail steamer Persis, Captain Judkins, from Liverpool, soon after 3 o'clock P. M., on Saturday, July 12th, arrived Wednesday morning, July 23rd, about 7 o'clock. She brings one week's later intelligence, but her news is not important.

After an absence of two years and a half "the Guards," the particular garrison of London, made their entry into the metropolis on Wednesday, the 9th. A public reception was given them by the Queen and Londoners, in imitation of the reception of the Imperial Guard by Napoleon and the Parisians. The three battalions—Grenadiers, Coldstreams and Fusiliers—numbered 3,200 men. They arrived by rail from the camp at Aldershot, and marched from the station through the principal streets to their barracks. Queen Victoria, accompanied by her family, also the King of Belgium, with his family, with Prince Oscar of Sweden, and a crowd of ladies and lords appeared on the balconies of the palace, and waved a welcome to the troops. Half a million persons were assembled.

A serious riot occurred at Nenagh, Ireland, on the 6th July, and succeeding days. The cause of the revolt was, in substance, that the government, when the militia was embodied, promised to each man a considerable bounty, but having now no further need of the men, refuses to pay the balance, and orders them to be disbanded. An order was issued to take up the new clothing which was distributed to the men in April last. One man refused to give up his clothes, and was sent to the guardhouse, whereupon his comrades broke it open and liberated him. They then threw off all discipline, broke open the magazine, supplied themselves with the small quantity of ammunition they found therein, and refused to give up their arms until all arrears were paid. The militia then paraded the town, preceded by their band, and discharging their muskets in the air. Their officers did not seem to have acted with any energy to quell the riot. Assistance was telegraphed for, and in a short time 1,000 of the line, the 12th, 41st, 47th and 56th regiments arrived, under the command of Col. Hart, who marched to the Summerhill barrack, and, surrounding it, succeeded in disarming the insurgents within. Other parties of the militiamen were, however, outside the barrack walls, and made several attempts to fire through the gate upon the regulars. They did shoot one man—a Crimean veteran—dead, through the keyhole of the gate, and wounded another. The troops having disarmed the rioters in the Summerhill barrack, marched towards Fown Street barracks. In Castle street they met a body of the insurgents, who fired a volley, which was replied to with effect by the troops. A good deal of skirmishing ensued. At length the ammunition of the rioters ran out, and they were disarmed and made prisoners. The ringleaders will be tried by the civil power. Only four persons were killed and about a dozen wounded. Had not the military shown much forbearance, the number of casualties must have been much greater. The citizens sided with the militia, and cheered them on. At latest telegraphic accounts all was quiet. A detachment of lancers had arrived.

There has been nothing of much importance in Parliament. Lord Campbell called the attention of the Lords to the indiscriminate sale of poison, and hoped the government would introduce some measure on the subject. There has been no reference to American affairs excepting some interrogatories as to the boundaries of the Baltic.

A festival, under the auspices of the association for promoting a reduction of wine duties, was held in the Sydenham Crystal Palace, on the 9th. Three hundred sat down to dinner, under the presidency of Mr. Oliviera, M. P. Lord Stanley, Earl of Shaftesbury, Bishop of Bath and Malmesbury, Mr. Monkton Milnes and other notables, spoke at a meeting in London on the 10th, in favor of the early closing of stores, and a Saturday's half holiday to the working classes.

Baron Hausman, Prefect of the Seine, acknowledges receipt of the fourth

remittance of 100,000 francs, of the 600,000 francs subscribed by the city of London. "The city of Paris," he says, "will never forget this act of the generous English nation."

The extensive spinning mills, belonging to Joseph Ainsworth, at Bolton, Lancashire, have been totally destroyed by fire. There were 80,000 spindles in the mills.

The Paris *Mousieur* publishes the following despatch from Admiral Trehouart, commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean squadron:

ON BOARD THE BRETAGNE, July 6, 1856.

Yesterday, July 5th, the definitive evacuation of the Crimea took place. Marshal Pelissier embarked on board the Roland, which immediately got underway. The Bretagne, which had just anchored at Balaklava, left Kamiesch with the last vessels that were there, and which are expected to arrive to-morrow in the Bosphorus.

A despatch from the Crimea announces that the portions of that peninsula occupied by the allies were given up officially to the Russian commander-in-chief on the 7th, and that from the 8th every one still in the place was under Russian law.

THE MARKETS.—The Liverpool races had somewhat detracted from business.

In the cotton market (according to the circulars dated evening of Friday the 11th) the demand had continued throughout the week to a moderate extent, but after Monday there was a quiet feeling, and holders supplied the market very freely; prices, however, were generally well supported, though in some cases the lower qualities of American had been bought on rather easier terms. In other descriptions no change can be noticed. Sales of the week 35,150 bales, including 23,670 American, of which 3,000 were on speculation, and 3,800 for export. There had been a good business doing in Manchester. The corn market had presented an upward tendency, owing to unsettled weather, and with a fair demand. Wheat had advanced about 2d., and good flour 6d. to 1s. Indian corn was held for an improvement of 6d. to 1s. per quarter, which had restricted the sales. Beef continued dull. Pork was a little more inquired for, at late rates. Bacon rather less active. The artificially high prices of lard continued to draw supplies from France and elsewhere, and prices are rather downward—say 6s. to 6s., but the latter quite nominal. The London colonial and foreign produce market had been active during the week. Breadstuffs were firmer. White American wheat, 7s. @ 7s.; red, 6s. @ 7s. Sugar active, and 1s. @ 1s. dearer. Coffee—prices fully sustained. Rice firm. Iron in good demand, without alteration in prices. Lead dull. Money is in fair demand at about 4 per cent. Consols closed (Friday) at 95s. @ 95s. for money, and 95s. @ 95s. for account. Bank rate of interest remains unchanged. American stocks have remained during the week without animated business or material change in prices, according to the statement of Baring Brothers: but Bell & Co., report prices generally improved. Bullion in bank decreased £462,000. Hayre market report for the week ended July 8, (continued,) reports cotton quiet; week's sales 11,000 bales; stock 117,000 bales; New Orleans *ordinaire* quoted at 96f. Breadstuffs dull.

Our countryman, Mr. George Peabody, the London banker, celebrated Independence Day by a grand banquet at the Star and Garter, Richmond. The proceedings were rendered unusually interesting by the presence of a number of distinguished English and Canadian guests, and the cordial feeling of rejoicing which was manifested by the prospect of an immediate settlement of the differences between the two countries. Our Minister, Mr. Dallas, made a most excellent speech on the occasion, which is highly praised by the English press. By the Persia we have Sydney (Australia) dates to the 17th of April. The excitement of the elections was subsiding, and the new Parliament was to assemble on the 28th of May. The Paramatta railroad was advancing rapidly towards completion. An abundant harvest was expected in Western Australia. New gold fields had been found, and the exports of the precious metal continued large. From South America we have later advices. The dates are: Buenos Ayres 28th and Montevideo 30th of May, Rio Janeiro 14th, Bahia 17th and Pernambuco 19th of June. Nothing exciting had recently happened in political circles. Flores' influence was still in the ascendant, and tranquillity reigned on both sides of the river Plate. Rio was healthy, but the coffee trade was very restricted, and the new crop would be late. The dry goods trade was quite active at Bahia. At Pernambuco, owing to the heavy rains, the receipts of sugar had been light, and prices consequently had advanced.

ESTATE INDIES.

Advices from the Mauritius, dated at Port Louis on 21st of April, say: The cholera has been allowed to come to our shores, and its ravages have spread desolation through the land. True, the havoc has not been equal to that of 1854, but we have suffered seriously, and some of the most esteemed and beloved amongst us have succumbed to this cruel devastator.

The Singapore, E. I., *Journal of Commerce*, of April 29, says: It is with feelings of deep regret that we notice the breaking out of cholera at Calcutta and other parts of India, carrying off the native population. Europeans of all ages are falling victims to its virulence.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

From Nicaragua we have the report of the Commissioners appointed by the Walker-Rivas Government of Nicaragua to examine and report as to the indebtedness of the Accessory Transit Company to that republic. This report was finished at Granada on the 4th of July. The property of the company seized is valued at one hundred and sixty-one thousand one hundred and twenty-nine dollars five cents, (£161,129 05.) and the Commissioners report that the company owes the government of Nicaragua four hundred and twelve thousand five hundred and eighty-nine dollars ninety-six cents, (£412,589 96.) leaving the company still indebted to the government in the sum of two hundred and fifty-one thousand four hundred and sixty dollars ninety-one cents (£251,460 91.) The report is elaborately prepared, and gives some interesting statistics of the company's operations on the Isthmus.

MEXICO.

From Mexico we have advice dated at the capital to the 5th and at Vera Cruz to the 8th of July. The departure of the Spanish fleet was hailed as a triumph of Mexican diplomacy, and Spain will have to pay heavily for her warlike exhibition, in the shape of a high import tariff. Comonfort's decree for the sale of the church property was hailed with great popular enthusiasm, and an immediate rise in the value of government stocks followed. The brevets and promotions in the army by Santa Anna have been annulled, except in a few cases specially provided for. Governor Traconis, of Puebla, has expelled the monks of the order of St. Vincent de Paul, and they have consequently removed to the city of Mexico.

We have the new constitution recently submitted to the Congress of the Republic. The following is a summary of the provisions of this instrument: "The President is to hold his office for four years. The Legislative Assembly is to consist of one house. No law is to be passed prohibiting or hindering the exercise of any religious worship, though the Catholic religion is to be protected when that protection does not prejudice the interests of the people nor the national sovereign rights. No titles of nobility, prerogatives, or hereditary honors. No person to be molested, nor his house searched, nor any property or papers seized, except by competent judicial authority. The right to possess and carry arms for defense is guaranteed. No soldier to be quartered in time of peace on any private person without his consent. The military to be at all times subject to the civil law. No violation of correspondence in the Post-office. Slavery is prohibited, and slaves escaping into the republic are to be free. No treaty to be ever made for the delivery of slaves so escaping. The press to be free. No letters of security or passports are to be required; education to be free; the right to petition to be inviolable. There is to be no national monopolies of any kind. There is to be trial by jury; no imprisonment for debt. Condemnation to service in the chain-gang is prohibited." Charles P. Duane, alias "Dutch Charley," who was expelled from California by the Vigilance Committee, was in Acapulco.

BERMUDA.

The *Bermudian* of July 2, says: Among the arrivals since our last publication is the government screw steamer Siren, from Liverpool. The Siren has been sent out by the government to be employed in transporting troops, stores, &c., between the different stations in the colony. Arrived on Sunday, June 29, H. M.'s steam frigate Euryalus, 51 guns, Captain George Ramsay, C. B., from England. This vessel is one of the new first-class screw frigates of the Royal Navy, and, though styled a frigate, she is nevertheless of greater tonnage than the largest of the line-of-battle ships recently in these waters. The Euryalus is of great length, and withal of splendid proportions. Arrived on Sunday, H. M.'s S. Falcon, Capt. Fullen, from England; and on the 26th ult., H. M.'s steam-tug Kite, also from England. Sailed on Saturday, 28th ult., H. M.'s S. Malacca, Captain Farquhar, for Halifax; and on Sunday, H. M.'s line-of-battle ship Pembroke and Cornwallis, for England. A Treasury report, to March 31, shows a balance in the Treasury of £1,018 ds. 11d.

WEST INDIES.

We have Havana dates to July 14th. Five hundred and sixty-eight coolies had been landed from an American ship. There were some cases of yellow fever in Havana. General Concha had had a mild attack of it. The demand of sugar was less active, and there were 250,000 boxes on hand.

Our correspondent in Honduras, dating at Truxillo on the 5th of July, states that Mr. J. C. Tucker, United States Consul, was then in that town, waiting for a passage home. President Guardiola had refused to receive him, owing to some official irregularity in the signing and sealing of his letters of credence at Washington. The police ruled with regard to the entrance of citizens from the United States into Honduras, were most annoying. Fields of gold were being worked at Omoa, near Truxillo.

HAVANA.—The weather was dreadfully hot, and crowds of the beauty and fashion of the capital were at the different watering places. Crime was very fierce. Senor Herex, who went up in a balloon some time since, had not been heard from as late as the 17th July. It was supposed he had crossed over to Yucatan.

ENGLISH SURNAMES.—The Registrar-General estimates that there are nearly forty thousand different surnames in England. It is estimated that among these there are 53,000 families bearing the name of Smith, and 51,000 bearing the name of Jones. The Smiths and Joneses alone are supposed to include about half a million of the population. "On an average it seems that 1 person in 73 is a Smith, 1 in 76 a Jones, 1 in 112 a Williams, 1 in 148 Taylor, 1 in 162 a Davies, and 1 in 174 a Brown." Among the list of peculiar names given we note the following: Affection, Alabaster, Albones, Awkward, Baby, Bolster, By (the shortest English name), Camomile, Corpse, Dagger, Eighteen, Fowl, Fussy, Gin, Hogflesh, Idle, Jelly, Kiss, Lumber, Muddle, Nutbrown, Officer, Pocket, Quince, Rabbit, Sanctuary, Tombs, Unit, Vulgar, Waddle, Yellow, and Zeal.—*Crise.*

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATE, Thursday, July 17.—The Senate voted *en masse* upon nearly two hundred promotions and appointments in the navy to fill the places made vacant by the Retiring Board. All were confirmed.

HOUSE.—The contested seat of Archer vs. Allen (VIIth district of Illinois) was the subject of debate. The majority of the Election Committee give Mr. Archer two majority; the minority give Mr. Allen one. No vote was taken.

HOUSE, Friday, July 18.—Nothing of public interest transpired in the House. The session was occupied in considering private bills. The Senate was not in session.

The special Pacific Railroad Committee have agreed upon a bill, eleven members concurring. Three roads are provided for—one to be built north of the forty-fourth degree of north latitude, by the Northern Atlantic and Pacific railroad company, of which Alexander Ramsay is president; one between the thirty-eighth and forty-fourth parallels, to be constructed by an association of all the roads now chartered and running westward through Iowa and Missouri, the junction to be formed near Fort Kearney, and the single track to run to the navigable waters of the Pacific, in California; and the Southern road is awarded to the Southern and Atlantic and Pacific railroad, of which T. Butler King is president—a new company, associated with the Atlantic and Pacific railroad company, of California, the Texas Western railroad company, and the Vickburg and Shreveport company. The line runs from the Mississippi, at some point south of the thirty-eighth degree, and runs to San Francisco, with a branch to San Diego, and with a grant of forty sections of land to the mile West of Texas to the California line, and then ten sections per mile to San Francisco. No grant is made for that portion of the road East of the Western boundary of Texas. The Northern road receives forty sections from point to point, seventeen hundred miles. The middle road receives thirty sections until it reaches California, then ten sections to its Western terminus. The provisions for mail pay are liberal. Telegraph lines are provided for on each road.

SENATE, Saturday, July 19.—The Senate was engaged on private bills. A bill providing for the compulsory prepayment of postage on all transient printed matter was reported.

HOUSE.—The Illinois contested election case was settled by the adoption of a resolution ousting Mr. Allen, (dem.,) the incumbent, and referring the matter back to the people. Mileage and the usual per diem were allowed the contestant, Mr. Archer.

SENATE, Monday, July 21.—A bill amendatory of the act concerning the registering and recording of ships or vessels was passed. A resolution was adopted calling on the President for information relative to the movements of the Government troops in Kansas. The Armament bill, after an amendment reducing the proposed appropriation from \$3,000,000 to \$1,800,000, was passed—27 against 10. A resolution was passed providing for the close of the session on the 11th of August. Bills were passed regulating the Judicial expenses of Government, and making appropriations for various River and Harbor improvements.

HOUSE.—The Nebraska contested election case was considered, but no action was taken. The Senate's adjournment resolution was received, and the rules were suspended for its consideration. An animated discussion ensued; several amendments were offered, but not acted upon, and ineffectual efforts were made to table the resolution. Finally the House adjourned without acting upon it.

SENATE, Tuesday, July 22.—A bill was introduced to give each member of Congress \$3,000 a year instead of the present per diem, with 20 cents per mile for travel each way. After passing a bill to improve the harbor of Racine, Wis., and then talking over the constitutionality of such a vote, the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.—The resolution concurring with the Senate to adjourn on the 18th of August was passed, 122 to 51. The resolution of the Committee on Elections declaring Bird Chapman not elected delegate from Nebraska, was rejected by 63 to 69.

SENATE, Wednesday, July 23.—The Senate passed the House bill for the improvement of Savannah River. The bill continuing improvements in Sheboygan harbor was passed. A joint resolution was adopted authorizing Lieut. Maury and other officers to receive honorary testimonies from foreign powers. The greater portion of the session was consumed in a discussion as to priority of business.

HOUSE.—An ineffectual effort was made to reconsider the vote confirming Bird Chapman as delegate from Nebraska. The New Mexico contested election case was settled by the adoption of a resolution affirming that M. Gallegos was not and M. Otero was duly elected delegate from that Territory, and M. Otero was sworn in. It was voted to print 20,000 copies of the full Kansas report, and 100,000 copies without the testimony.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

IMPORTANT RAILROAD SUIT.

ROSS WINANS vs. THE NEW YORK AND ERIC RAILROAD.—This important case at Canadagua, N. Y., upon a patent for an improvement on eight-wheel cars, has resulted in a verdict for defendants, after a trial of five weeks. The case was conducted by C. W. Keller, Mr. Blatchford and Mr. Seward of New York, for the plaintiffs, and by W. Whiting of Boston,

OBITUARY.

The Hon. Alfred Cuthbert, for many years a leading and distinguished politician of Georgia, for twelve years from 1814 a member of the House of Representatives, and from 1835 to 1843 a senator in Congress, died at his residence, in Jasper county, July 9th. He was a gentleman of fine talents and of pure and elevated character.

A gloom has been thrown upon the Cuban residents of this city on learning, by the last mail, the sudden and untimely death, by cholera, of the distinguished Cuban patriot, Senor Manuel Higinio Ramirez, at Nicaragua.

Mrs. Henrietta Harden died in St. Mary's county, Md., on the 29th of June, having attained the rarely preceded age of 118 years. The *Leonardtown Beacon* says she was the widow of a revolutionary soldier; and as such applied for a bounty land warrant under the act of Congress; but owing to the loss or destruction of marriage records of that early period, and the fact that there was no other person living in the county old enough to bear testimony to such a fact, the old lady was unsuccessful in her application to prove her marriage.

At Cincinnati, July 16th, Patrick E. Keeley died of sun stroke. While attending his funeral his brother, Edward, was struck down in the same manner and died. The next day another brother, Michael, was sent to jail, where he died of delirium tremens.

C. H. Haynes, an estimable young man of 30, and until recently editor of the *Rutland (Vt.) Herald*, died at Randolph, July 13th, of consumption.

The *Batavia, N.Y., Times*, of July 19, says: We have just learned of the death of Jenamy Johnson, head chief and warrior of the Tonawandas, and who was the successor of the celebrated orator Red Jacket. He had reached a very advanced age, and was one of the best known and most esteemed of his tribe.

DEATH OF AN EDITOR.—Benjamin B. Smith, editor of the *Whitehall Chronicle*, died at the residence of his brother, in Westport, Essex county, July 12th, of consumption. It is a singular fact that three editors of the *Chronicle* have died in little over three years. The first was J. D. Blount, who died in March, 1854; the second, C. G. Skinner, who died in February, 1855; the third, B. B. Smith, the late editor, who died as stated above.

The total number of deaths in the city during the past week, as we learn by the official report of the City Inspector, was 631, namely: 72 men, 79 women, 202 boys, and 178 girls, showing an increase of 249 deaths as compared with the mortality of the week previous.

LOVE, DESPAIR AND SUICIDE.

Miss Persa R. Brown, of West Troy, left her boarding-house on Saturday afternoon week, shortly after four o'clock, without informing any one as to where she was going, and nothing was known of her whereabouts until Monday morning, when her lifeless body was found in the canal a short distance above the lower side-cut, by a raftsmen. When taken out of the water she could scarcely be recognized by her features. Coroner Wards summoned a jury. Below is the testimony taken in the case:

Martha Hill, sworn, says: I have been acquainted with the deceased for the past eight years; she worked for me making caps; I keep a hat and cap store corner Canal and Broad streets, West Troy; I saw deceased last alive about 12 o'clock on Saturday; she was at my house and store; I had been absent that morning until 10½ o'clock; I then did not discover anything wrong in P. R. Brown's actions or appearance; had no conversation at that time with her but about business of the store; discovered nothing different from usual; she left my store to go, as I supposed, to dinner at 12 m.; she did not come back to the store again; I never saw her since that time; I know Mr. Amos Cass; I know of his calling upon deceased frequently; he has not called lately to my knowledge; deceased's character is good; been an honest, upright, virtuous lady; always thought deceased, while living, perfectly rational at all times.

Mary A. Curtis, sworn, says: I am boarding at the present time at Mrs. Smith's, the same house at which Miss P. R. Brown, the deceased, and her mother, boarded; I have been acquainted with the deceased for the past eight months; Mr. A. Cass was keeping company with Miss B. when I first got acquainted with her; we then boarded together at Mrs. Thompson's, next door to where we now board; I boarded at that time at Mrs. Thompson's for two months; during that time last fall Mr. Cass kept her steady company; came to see her as often as two or three times a week; I have seen Cass and Persa together several times; they always appeared friendly together; deceased never told me that Cass engaged to marry her; once she denied it, and said she could never have him; she gave no reasons why not; I saw deceased on Saturday before she went to work, 6½ A. M.; nothing said at that time; saw her again at dinner time, at about 12 o'clock; after dinner I went to the cars on Canal street; on my return home I met Mr. Cass; Cass and I went down to Mrs. S. C. Peck's; soon returned; when we came back together as far as Mrs. Hill's store, he wish'd me to call Persa out, and said he wished to see her; I did not find her in the store. I found her in her room, sleeping in her chair; I told her Cass wanted to see her; Persa said he might come up if he wanted to see her; Cass was in the room alone with Persa about two hours; he then came out; I saw him; he shut the door after him; unusual for him to do so; she did not follow him out as she usually had done when he had called before; I was standing in my mother's room door, next to hers; Persa soon came out of her room and went to her clothes press; I then went into my mother's room; this was about four o'clock, P. M., Saturday; I did not notice what she done in the house after this; I have never seen her since, until I saw her dead today; I do not know how she came to her death; I never have heard her say that she intended to make away with herself; Cass took dinner at Mrs. Smith's that day (Saturday).

Amos A. Cass, sworn, says: I am a school teacher, located at present at Albany; teaching has been my business for the past six years; previous to going to Albany I taught at West Troy; while teaching at West Troy I formed an acquaintance with Miss Persa R. Brown, since which time for the last year previous to my leaving West Troy I kept company with, walked out, and waited upon her; during that time there were no pledges or promises on either part as regards marriage or otherwise; since the first of May, 1856—since my going to Albany—I have called to see her twice at her house, and met her once accidentally in the street here at West Troy; once deceased, her brother and Mrs. Curtis called to see me at the Academy; I called last Saturday at Mrs. Hall's hat store to see Persa R. Brown; she was not in; at about 10 o'clock P. M., I called at Persa's boarding-house, Mrs. Smith's, in West Troy, corner of Canal and Broad streets (which was formerly my boarding-house); I after dinner went with Mrs. Curtis to call on the bride, Mrs. S. C. Peak; when we came back I told Mrs. Curtis to tell Miss Persa R. Brown to come out from the store—that I wanted to see her. Mrs. Curtis came out of Mrs. Hill's store, where Persa worked, and said she was not there; I then started to go up stairs to visit Miss Brown; I met Persa at the head of the stairs; she asked me into her room; I went in; her mother was in the room; Mrs. Brown went out, and I was alone with Miss Persa; we had a conversation in regard to marriage to this effect: she asked me if I was about to marry; I told her candidly, "Yes;" it was understood who it was; she said she wished me happiness, prosperity, &c.; she further said that she had a chance to marry, and had refused; she did not say why she refused; I then left Persa in her room, passed down stairs, saw Mr. F. S. Ayres at his store door, spoke to him, and then went my way to the country; on Sunday my brother came to the country where I was, and told me Persa Brown was missing; I told my brother to go to Mrs. Brown, Persa's mother, and tell her in substance what I have now told you; he went to West Troy and told Mrs. Brown; he then came back, and we went to Albany on the plank road together; this evening, when called upon by officer Becker, I came with him, and the evidence I have given is true. I don't know how Persa R. Brown came to her death, or what caused her to take her life; if she did.

When the last witness finished his testimony it was near 10 o'clock P. M. The jury, after a short consultation, agreed upon the following verdict:

"That the said Persa R. Brown came to her death July 5, 1856. How deceased came in the water is unknown to this jury."

This is one of the most mysterious and melancholy cases we have ever been called upon to record. The deceased, we believe, was about 27 years of age, has always resided in this village, was a member of the Baptist church, and was universally respected.

The following, written by the deceased, was found in her room after her death. It is supposed to depict her own case:

MON AMI: Listen, and I will tell you an over true tale. Once on a time, in the land of —, there dwelt a maiden; her heart was light and free as the mountain air; all earth seemed bright and beautiful; she was joyous and happy all the day. The sun shone pleasantly on her path, for there was no guile in her heart; she had been brought up in the fear of the Lord; she loved the ways of holiness; the thoughts and imaginations of her heart were pure and good; her standard of purity was high and lofty; she despised all that was low or base, and loved with her whole soul all that was pure and good. What was worldly pomp and ambition for her? To tread the path of purity and peace was her greatest aim; this was the bright morning star of her existence; from her childhood she had trusted in God. With his strong arm around her what could cause her to stray? How could she err when Christ was her polar star?

And in process of time a youth came to dwell in that land; he was noble, generous and true-hearted. The youth and maiden met; they were often in each other's society; they walked together, when the stars shone bright above and the maiden was happy. He came to spend the passing hours; she liked it, and thus the happy hours sped on. This maiden's heart had not known blight or midew. Is it strange that she learned to look for his coming with throbbing heart, and the sound of his footsteps would cause heart to beat and eyes to brighten? He taught her to love, and oh! how well she loved him. Her heart was filled to overflowing; she has no thoughts that are not of him; he has become a part of her very existence. There is woven around her heart a net of ten thousand cords, not one to be broken. *Mysterious passion, what art thou, that could cause her to sacrifice all—even her hopes of heaven?* How changed this maiden; she has an idol; he is her life, her all; her love has become idolatry.

What means this? He talks of love, and then that they must part. She knows of no other love but the first pure love of an honest heart.

Hush, be still! God has withdrawn his strong arm; ministering spirits stand back. Why is this? Oh! why has God left her? Is it because she first withheld her love, in permitting a mortal to receive that homage which was due to her Maker, or is it to teach her that the flesh is weak, or why did he forsake one who from her infancy, morning, noon and night, had bowed before Him and prayed for His blessing?

A change has come over this maiden; she awakes from her dream to find she clasps a shadow. The sun shines no more upon her pathway, the stars are dim. Oh! how can she live when another's arm is clasped in these arms,

another's head rests upon that bosom? How can she smile on the same as if her heart was not molten lead, desolate and blighted? There is darkness over her soul; nought on earth can cheer her now. She knows the greatest saints have err'd, and she hears the voice of Jesus, saying, "Go and sin no more." Not all can efface that dark spot from her memory; there is fear that reason will forsake her throne. She hears the dashing of the dark waters, whose waves are waiting to make her shroud, and a voice, saying, "Come, here is rest for the weary." She cannot stay with this frail tenement, because it has proved so weak.

"There is something which I dread;
It is a dark, a fearful thing;
'Tis not the dread of death—it's more,
It is the dread of madness." [West Troy Advocate.]

ALLEGED CONSPIRACY TO MURDER.

ALFRED S. LIVINGSTON, Esq., of Trenton, N.J., last week appeared before Justice Welsh, and entered a complaint against Mr. Price Morse, a physician at No. 151 Chambers street, charging him with having originated a plan to take his life, and with having hired two negroes to carry the plan into execution. He stated further, that enmity had for some time existed between him and Dr. Morse, growing out of difficulty in regard to property, and they had litigated in relation thereto in one of the courts in this city. The negroes, James H. Still, a clothes cleaner at No. 18 Leonard street, and Augustus Wesley, a cook, living at No. 204 Greenwich street, each made affidavits. The former testified that the doctor called at his house and requested to see him at his office in Chambers street; Still went there, and the doctor, after questioning him and ascertaining as near as possible his character, told him that Mr. Livingston, who resided at Trenton, N.J., had ruined a friend of his, and that this friend could not live happily unless Livingston was killed; he then proposed to Still to go to Trenton, and there, by passing himself off as a fugitive slave, gain admittance to the house of Mr. Livingston, and then watch an opportunity to kill him. The doctor also recommended that he use a hammer, and told him to be sure and strike him a powerful blow upon the temple, as that would settle the business at once. Still wanted to know what compensation would be awarded him, and the doctor said from \$1,000 to \$2,000. He finally told the doctor that he would undertake the job, and promised to go on the 15th of June last, but did not go, and subsequently refused, but said he knew a desperado who would do the job in a satisfactory manner. He then brought the negro Wesley to the doctor's office, and this man makes affidavit similar to that of Still, and states further that the doctor handed him \$25 to pay his expenses to, and at, Trenton, and gave him all the necessary information how to proceed. After all was arranged, Still went to Trenton, and called upon Mr. Livingston, to whom he related all that had taken place between him and the doctor. Mr. Livingston subsequently came to the city, and preferred the above charge against Dr. Morse. On these three affidavits Justice Welsh issued a warrant for the arrest of Dr. Morse, and he was taken into custody by Sergeant S. J. Smith, of the Lower police court.

The examination took place the following day, before Judge Welsh. Dr. Morse stated that Mr. Livingston, alias Turner, had defrauded him out of about \$40,000, and that suits were pending against him to recover that amount; that he (Morse) was entirely innocent of the crime charged upon him, and that it was a conspiracy got up to ruin him. The accused is a native of New Jersey, 45 years of age. Mr. Isaac D. Akin, of Brooklyn, became his surety in \$5,000 to appear and answer.

ANOTHER GROSS OUTRAGE ON AMERICANS.

An American gentleman has been denied admission to the opera, because he was not dressed in the opera costume. He was attired in nankeen trowsers, a striped waistcoat like a livery servant's, a blue-fgle handkerchief, and had on a pea-green cutaway coat with brass buttons as big as cheese plates. In vain was it represented to him in the politest manner by Mr. Nugent, and other gentlemen connected with the theatre, that the above article of dress were against the sumptuary laws invariably enforced at that aristocratic establishment; the American gentleman only stormed, and raved, and blustered; and, after many loud repetitions that he was "a free and enlightened citizen of the United States," (every one present admitting the extreme freedom, but no one allowing him the smallest ray of enlightenment,) he declared that if he came in a smock frock, or even in a bathing costume, they had no right to refuse him admission. These propositions were strongly disputed, and, on the free and enlightened citizen becoming a nuisance, he was civilly shown the door that leads to the nearest police-station. The American minister was present in the theatre at the time, and, upon being told of the above incident, left in great dudgeon.

Much as we love nonsense, and fond as we are of caricatures, from which we derive no contemptible income, we do hope and trust that a pair of nankeen trowsers will not be waved as a *drapeau de guerre* between America and England. The citizen was not compelled to go to the opera. If he disliked conforming to the opera costume, why did he not go up to the gallery? or, better still, he had his remedy in stopping away. We imagine that, if a "Britisher" presented himself at Washington, and insisted upon being introduced to the old Druidical costume, that he would not be exactly allowed to enter.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.—Up to the second of our going to press, the American Minister had not packed up his carpet-bag with the intention of leaving England. If he is as sensible as the American papers say he is, he will only grin, and advise his Yankee friend to return at once to America, where, thank the Stars, he will be at liberty to dress as he pleases.—Punch.

ENGLISH CRITICISM.—A laugh is sometimes raised at the expense of American papers, for the extravagance and absurdity of their literary notices; but the London *Standard* can rather surpass anything done in this line in the United States. A late number of that journal, speaking of a new novel, says: "This is a story of wild passion, which tears its way through luxuriant scenes to terrible catastrophes, trampling on human hearts in its course, but still, by virtue of its essential truth and earnestness, attaining a haven of happy calm at last. The scene in which the lovely heiress confesses her passion, in the conservatory at sunset, to the almost inspired young artist, and the powerful conception of the hot-blooded and cruelly disappointed cousin would alone suffice to make this book a work of mark." After this, let us hear no more of ridiculous American criticism.

RIGHTS OF FOOT PASSENGERS IN BOSTON.—The rights of foot passengers in our streets was recently the subject of an important decision in the Municipal Court, Boston. A hackman was condemned to four months' imprisonment for trespassing on those rights and running over a foot passenger. The court stated the rule of law in such cases to be, that carriages had no paramount right of way in the streets, and that drivers were bound at all times to heed the rights of those on foot and to exercise due care for their safety. This is a timely decision. Long habit and impunity have emboldened drivers of carriages and wagons, and other teams, especially to insist upon what they seem to imagine to be their priority of right, and to hinder and annoy, and even to endanger the safety of foot passengers, by always claiming the precedence of the highway.

ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.—The tenth annual meeting of this association will take place at Albany on the 20th of August. The general meeting will be held in the Assembly chamber of the Capitol. Arrangements have been made for interesting exercises in connection with the inauguration of the State Geological Hall, and the Dudley Observatory, with ceremonies appropriate to this occasion. The inauguration of the Geological Hall will occur on Wednesday, the 27th, when addresses will be given by the Hon. Wm. H. Bowditch, and the Hon. Francis C. Gray, of Boston. The inauguration of the Dudley Observatory will take place on the following day. The address will be delivered by the Hon. Edward Everett.

WHALES PLENTY.—The *Nantucket Inquirer* says:—A friend has kindly favored us with an extract of a letter received by the steamer from Callao, which says:—"The bark Eliza, Captain Phillips, now at Callao, reports that while in sight of Staten Land to the northward, he sailed a whole day through large bodies of sperm whales, and, as far as he could see, for miles around, the whole ocean was covered with them. Through the whole day he felt that his ship was in danger, as his deck was wet with the spray from their spouts, so near were they to his vessel. Capt. P. is an old Rio trader, and having seen sperm whales often off the river La Plata, knows them well. He says the number was beyond conception."

INDIAN TROUBLES IN KANSAS.—On the 23rd of June, John Montgomery, Indian Agent for the Kaw nation, with a posse of soldiers under the command of Lieutenant Redick, crossed to the north side of Kansas river, and commenced burning the houses, cribs, and other property of the settlers on the half breed Kaw reserve, and continued in their burning until the night of the 24th—destroying some twenty houses. Captain Walker, hearing of their outrages, sent an order through Captain Hampton directing Lieut. Redick to withdraw his aid and force from Montgomery, unless he (Montgomery) could show his authority; he answered he had none, but acted from his own discretion. Lieut. Redick withdrew his forces at once, thereby saving much property and families from being turned out of doors and having their property destroyed. Proper proceedings have been taken before Judge Leecombe to bring the outlaws to justice.

THE PRECIOUS METALS IN FRANCE.—A statement of the movement of the precious metals in France for the three years 1852-4 has been made up, from which it appears that the Empire imported in gold \$236,088,000, of which \$51,560,000 left the country, and \$184,720,000 entered into circulation or bank use. Meanwhile the Empire lost by export \$162,220,000 in silver, and imported \$6,660,000, making the net loss \$95,560,000. The actual net accession of both metals in the three years, two of which were years of war with Russia, was \$89,160,000; notwithstanding which, the Bank of France entered the struggle with Russia with a reserve of about one hundred and twenty-three millions dollars, (we assume the highest point of 1852-3,) and came out, in January, 1856, with less than forty millions. The gain to her vaults since the peace has been steady and rapid, as it is beginning to be with the Bank of England.

SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

MESSRS. WELLS & CO., on the 25th July, commence their contract to supply Brooklyn with water, by preparing to locate the reservoir of the Water Works on the elevated ground at Cypress hill, on the line of the Flank road, opposite the Cypress hill Cemetery. The reservoir will cover forty acres.

There is a general dullness in the shipping interests at Boston the present season. But few East India vessels have arrived, and there will probably be a material falling off this year in this important branch of our commerce. About forty ships, says the *Advertiser*, are now on their way from Calcutta, Manila, Canton, Batavia, &c. Some of these will not be due for some time. Many kinds of East India goods have fallen in price recently. Freights to San Francisco are very dull, and business for small vessels in coastwise trade hardly pays expenses.

Mayor Hincks, of Baltimore, has just received from the Mayor of Boston a municipal present in the way of two elegantly bound books. "The Charter and Ordinance of the City of Boston." Both volumes are bound in the finest Turkey morocco, and are splendid specimens of American workmanship. On the outside of each is the inscription in gilt: "The City of Boston to the City of Baltimore."

A lady in Cincinnati was detected pocketing a package of gloves, while making some purchases, was accused of theft, and with tears landed out a \$20 bill to pay. The merchant took out \$5 10, and gave her the change. Subsequently he discovered that the \$20 bill was counterfeit. Badly sold.

The State department has no dispatches confirming the story of a treaty between Great Britain and Honduras, ceding *Kuwan* to the latter.

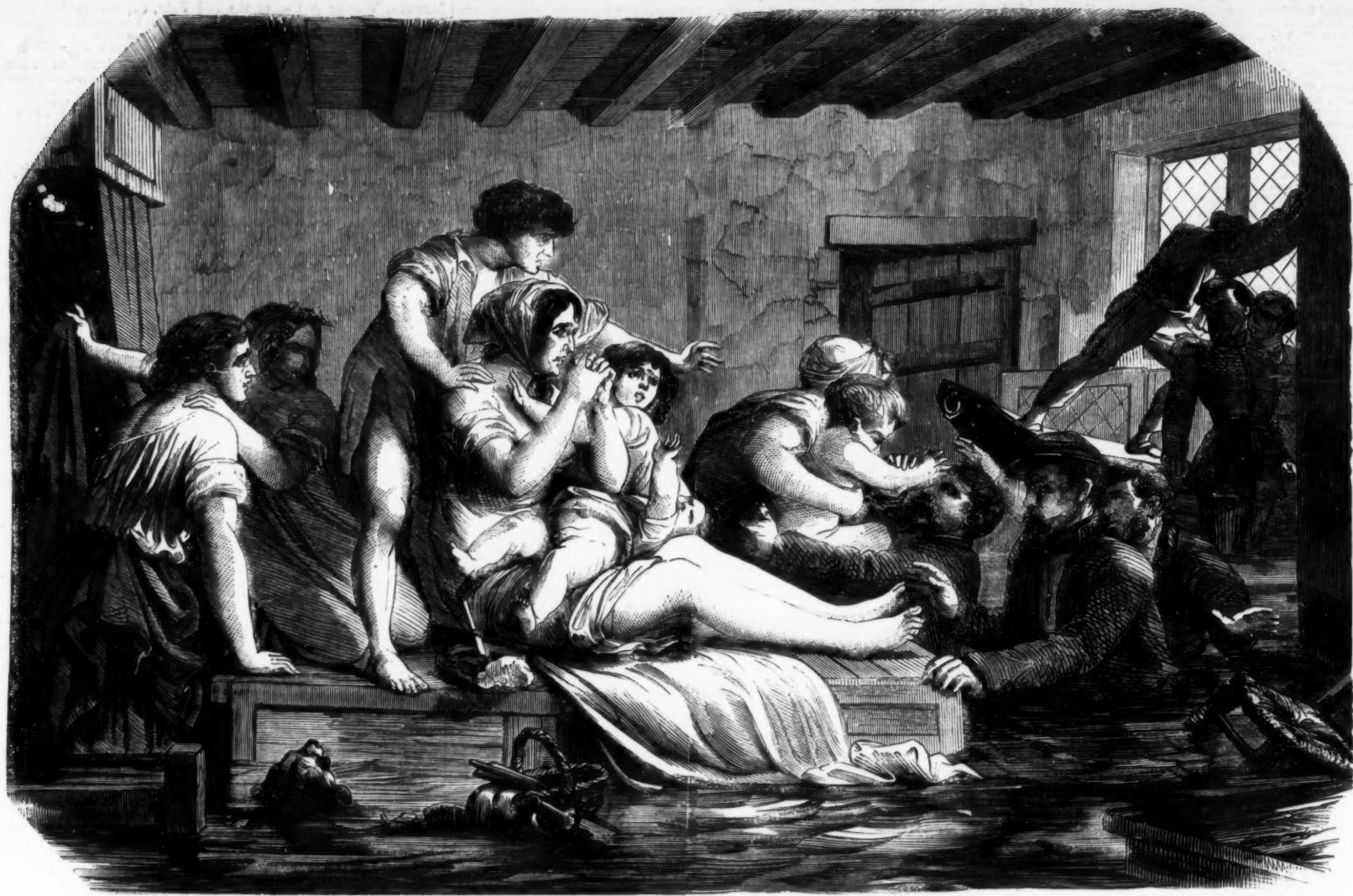
The Secretary of State has addressed a letter to the Governor of California, informing him that the Federal Government cannot interfere against the Vigilance Committee until requested by the Legislature of California, or until that body shall be unable to act in consequence of the insurrection. This is understood to be in accordance with an opinion given by the Attorney General. The administration, however, sympathizes with the governor against the Vigilance Committee.

Under the gallery in the British parliament at the late debate on American affairs, were Mr. Lallas and Mr. Crampton, who constituted the censors of every eye. They exchanged the most engaging courtesies. Cardigan and the Duke of Cambridge were also present in the gallery, and seemed heartily delighted that there was no prospect of their being sent over the Atlantic to enable Britannia to rule the waves. Both these heroes know now what "the red cloud of battle" means.

A meeting preparatory to a Catholic organization was held at St. Louis, July 15. The object of the association is to enable Catholic emigrants, of whatever nationality, to settle on vacant lands in Missouri. The stock is fixed at ten dollars a share.

The committee of French residents organized for the relief of the sufferers from the inundations in France held a meeting at Leimonois, July 19, and decided to remit the sum already collected (about \$9,000) to the General Committee of Paris, to be distributed under their direction. The committee was then disbanded

INUNDATION OF THE SAONE.



INTERIOR OF A HOUSE IN LYONS—THE POLICE RESCUING THE INMATES.

SCENES TAKEN FROM THE INUNDATION AT LYONS.

ALTHOUGH Lyons has been subject to inundation even as late as 1840, yet the present overflow has surpassed all others in extent of damage to that city, and the surrounding country. Nothing can exceed the desolation that is left behind after these disasters. People who live on the lower Mississippi have in a limited degree suffered from the evils of high water, yet nothing to be compared to the damage done in France, where the country is densely settled, and almost literally covered with habitations. We have selected as our illustrations two scenes, one in the house where the soldiers are rescuing a family from destruction, the other a family saved in a boat. The treatment is remarkably fine, and comprises in a wonderful degree the classic style with the most common event of every day life. We have seen no finer pictures of the modern French school than those we have chosen to adorn our pages. The Emperor of France is determined upon erecting works, which will make these

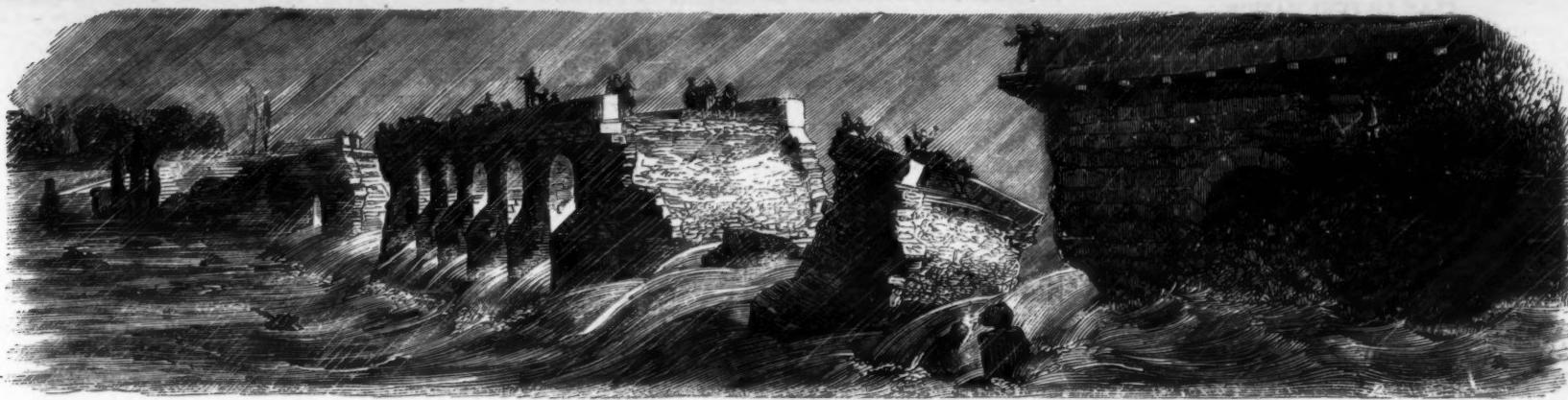
destructive overflows impossible, and be remembered as the lasting glory of his reign. As to the origin of these overflows, the plausible theory is, that these floods are caused by the inroads made upon the mountain forests by the pressing want of fuel. It is alleged that the snow, formerly preserved by these forests until it slowly trickled down into the rivers, now finds no such shelter, and at the first thaw slips away in frightful masses from its mountain bed, and, rushing to the river, causes this fearful overflow of its banks. Also that the decay of these forests prevents the water from being absorbed and detained for vegetation purposes. It seems, however, a fact that when all these forests existed in their full vastness and grandeur, inundations were equally frequent and equally destructive. It is only necessary to read the descriptions of Gaul, by Cesar and Dion, to be convinced that when forests covered nearly two-thirds of the territory of France the scourge was equally felt. Hainault, Handus and the Boulonnais were submerged. Paris itself was surrounded with swamps,

and Bordeaux reposed on a marsh at the mouth of the Garonne, surrounded by marshes, plague and fever. It is argued, therefore, that to adopt the remedy of replanting the mountain forests in Switzerland and other mountain districts would be insufficient; and a general opinion prevails that some enormous plan of floodgates, brought to bear either on the principal stream or its tributaries, will be the only means of preventing those irresistible floods which periodically ravage the territory. To this might be added gigantic basins, to receive the surplus waters after heavy rains or the melting of snow. But such schemes are of a nature to demand extraordinary talents and will call forth all the ingenuity of French savans.

THE POUGHKEEPSIE ELOPEMENT.—The father of the misguided girl who ran off with a married man, overtook her at Buffalo, and brought her back to her home.



SCENE IN THE STREETS OF LYONS—POLICE RESCUING THE CITIZENS.



GIVING WAY OF THE BRIDGE ST. GERMAIN-DES-FOSSE ON THE ROAD TO CLERMONT-FERRAND.

HORRIBLE AND MYSTERIOUS MURDER IN BROADWAY.

ON Friday morning, 18th inst., Bartholomew Burke, the porter of the tailoring establishment of Samuel Joyce, No. 378 Broadway, was most cruelly murdered, and in a manner so far as escaping observation is concerned that gives the whole thing a singular air of mystery. The deceased slept in the store. About half-past eleven o'clock on the night previous, he was seen sitting at one of the side windows in White street, and seemed to be conversing with some one who sat opposite to him. The apple-woman who keeps a stand corner of White street and Broadway, is positive she saw Burke conversing with a stranger at the time mentioned, subsequent to which he was never seen alive. When the clerks and workmen in the employment of Mr. Joyce went to the store on Saturday morning, they were surprised to find the front door locked; they knocked loudly, and, no one answering, they finally broke open the door, and upon going to the sleeping chamber of the deceased, they were surprised at discovering a large pool of blood near the bed of the deceased. Drops of blood leading to a closet or ante-room off the main store were then followed; on opening the door they were horror-stricken. On the floor, in a corner, near the wash-basin, was the naked body of the porter mangled and cut in the most shocking manner. The entire room and walls were covered with blood, in drops and large clots. The deceased's throat was cut almost from ear to ear by some sharp instrument, while on the right side of the forehead was a fracture of about six inches in length, evidently produced by a large pressing iron which was lying within a few feet of the corpse, and covered with blood. The gold watch and chain usually worn by deceased could not be found, neither could the keys of the store be found, showing evidently that the murderer had locked the door after making his escape, and had taken the keys along with him. The bank book of the deceased was also missing, and it is supposed to have been stolen by the murderer. The large table in the warerooms used for tailoring purposes was stained with blood, and marks of bloody fingers upon its surface could be easily discernible. On the cot or bed of deceased was found the scabbard of a sword, while upon a case of goods some twenty feet distant was discovered the sword itself. The weapon was covered with a bloody cloth, but it did not bear any stain of gore at all.

The general appearance of the room in which the murdered man was found was truly sickening, and was enough to make the stoutest heart quail. The deceased, without any clothing except a linen shirt, lay in a cramped up position in a corner formed by a set of bureau drawers and the side wall of the building. The legs, arms, and in fact the entire body was covered with blood. The hands were closed, as if death had not taken place without some violent struggle. The throat was cut in a most shocking manner. The gash inflicted must have been at least six inches in length and about an inch and a half in depth. The flesh over the left collar bone and in close proximity to the neck was cut in several places with some sharp instrument. The wounds appear to have been inflicted with a razor. Further down and immediately over the shoulder-blade were severe bruises, as if made with a dull but heavy weapon. Across the entire forehead, about three or four inches above the eyes, was a fracture of the skull, produced by the sharp edge of some instrument. The large and square end of the iron, or "goose," as it is called by tailors, would have produced just such a fracture, and as it was covered with blood, the presumption is that the blow upon the skull was given with this iron.

The face of the deceased was somewhat contorted, but, strange to say, there was a smile as it were upon the ghostly countenance of the murdered man. The right eye was blackened and half closed, while the left one was uninjured and wide open. At the feet of the corpse was a wash basin, in which was found a broken tumbler. A large pool of blood encircled the body, while above it, upon the wall, for several yards around, were large stains of gore interspersed here and there with small spots of blood, as if produced by the wound in the neck. It is quite evident that the death struggle took place here, for everything betokens the presence of violence. The left hand of the deceased was cut in different places with a knife, showing conclusively that he made a desperate effort to preserve his life, but unhappily without effect.

The bureau drawers in this room were found open, and the contents of the same, including clothing, &c., were all turned upside down. No deadly weapon could be discovered in the room or about the premises, except the smoothing iron or "goose" referred to above. Neither could any blood-stained foot tracks be discovered leading to the front door.

No clue has yet been ob-

tained as to who perpetrated the horrid deed, although the Sixth ward police have been using every exertion to ferret out the murderer, and clear up the mystery surrounding the case. A woman who resides in the upper part of the building declares she heard a knock at the store door about 10 o'clock, and a party was admitted to the store as if a friend. The deceased had been in the employ of Mr. Joyce over ten years, and was highly respected. After a strict inventory it has been found that not a dollar's worth of goods is missing from the store. The trunk of the deceased had been rifled, but apparently of nothing valuable—perhaps of a shirt or two, to hide the blood which would necessarily stain his own while engaged in such a proceeding. The murderer, who it would now seem acted alone from revenge, after his work apparently removed from himself all marks calculated to excite suspicion, and then passed out of the front door of the store, locking it after him. It seems strange that in a locality so much frequented no one saw him pass out at so strange an hour of the night.

FATAL MISTAKE AT CAROLINE, VA.—A WIFE SHOT BY HER HUSBAND.—Last Friday morning, July 18, about 1 o'clock, Mr. William M. Kelley was suddenly roused from his sleep, and, under the impression that his house was being broken into, seized his gun, and instantaneously fired upon some one, as he thought, entering the door; but to his horror he found that he had shot his wife, who was fastening it. The shot entered just in front and above the right hip, penetrating deep into the body. Two physicians were immediately called in, but found her beyond hopes. She lingered resignedly and uncomplainingly, until about 4 o'clock Saturday morning, when she died, leaving an almost distracted husband, an infant son 11 months old, and a large number of relations and connexions to mourn their loss. Mr. and Mrs. Kelley had been married nearly two years, were remarkably fond of each other, and were living most happily together when the unfortunate occurrence, like a thunderbolt, destroyed her existence and blighted his. He was, at night, timid, and in the habit of keeping a loaded gun near his bed; hence the terrible accident.

A SHOCKING AFFAIR—SEVERAL DEATHS.—Mr. H. C. O'Hiver has just related to us one of the most shocking affairs, which occurred the latter part of last week, that has ever taken place in this section of the State, the circumstances of which are as follows: It seems that James Ray, a resident of Morgan county, had had some previous difficulty with some of his neighbors, and that, failing to get revenge, he concluded to take it out by poisoning the innocent little children of those with whom he had a difficulty, and who were attending a school in that county. He consequently obtained a quantity of poison, put it in a squirrel's head, and laid it in a spring used by the school. The result was the poisoning of nearly the whole of the children of the school, two or three of whom died, and seven or eight others, our informant says, cannot survive. The

schoolmaster, whose name we do not remember, and who was also poisoned, at last accounts had some parts of him mortified, and his death was beyond question. Ray was arrested by the citizens of his neighborhood, and made his escape in the night, but was again apprehended near Quincy, Hickory county, and carried back. It was supposed that he would be lynched.—*Warsaw (Mo.) Democrat.*

William H. Seward arrived in town on Monday. He came down from Auburn, where he has been spending a few days with his friends. Mr. S. has some queer notions. He always travels in the baggage-cars. By doing this he gets rid of two bores, bar-room politicians and coxcombs bound to the springs. Mr. Seward is an inveterate smoker. By travelling with the baggage he can enjoy this luxury without giving offence to the conductor or the two Miss Glitters, who reside in the Fifth avenue, New York. The senator looks fresh and vigorous, and has a heart which takes to fun with as much zest as it did twenty years ago. Senator Seward has his faults, but want of cheerfulness is not one of them.—*Albany Times.*

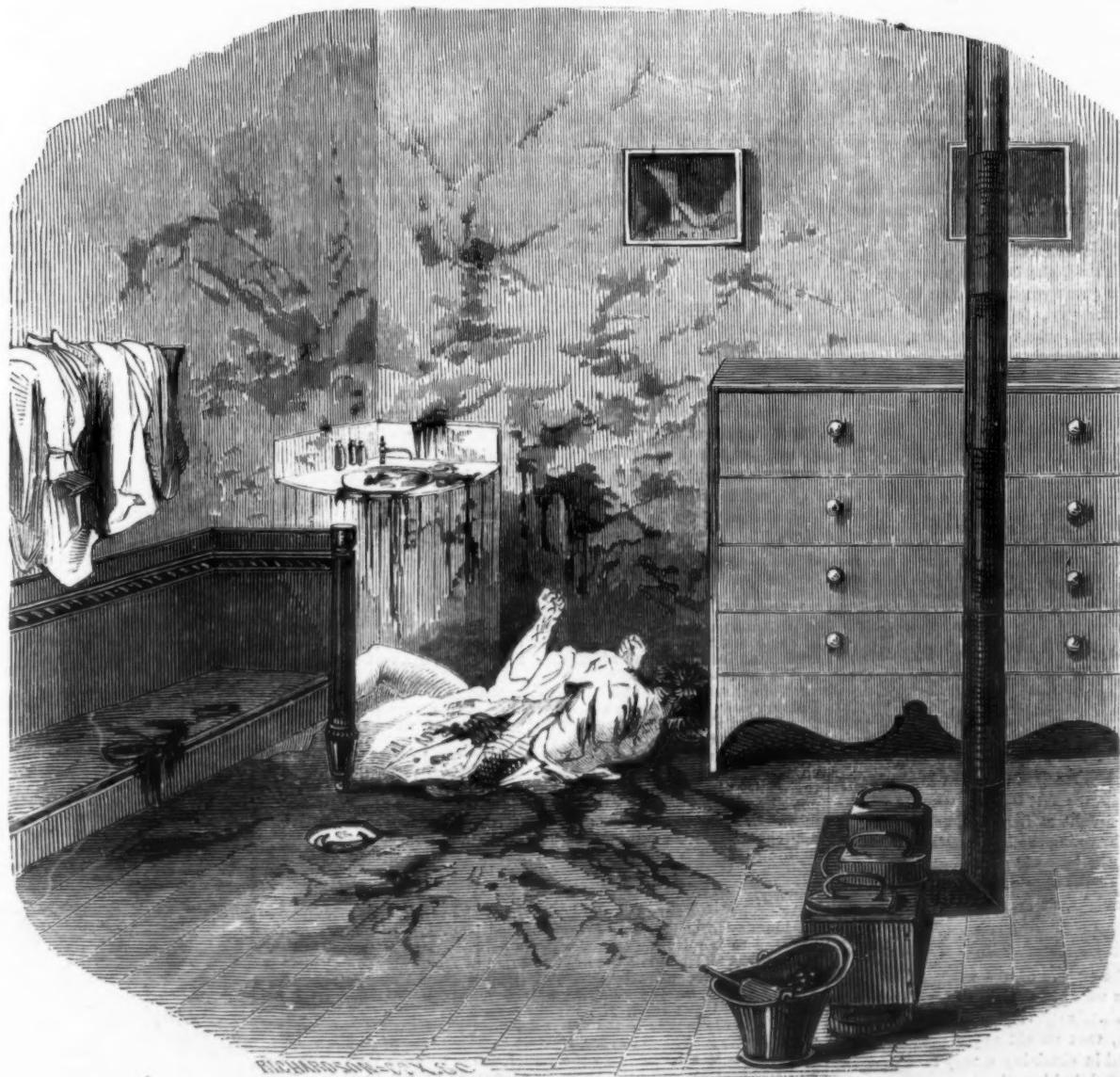
IRON MOUNTAIN IN MISSOURI.—The famous iron mountain, in Missouri, is situated in St. Francis county. From surface indications and from all explorations made, the whole Iron Mountain seems to be made of iron ore. Almost the entire surface of the mountain is covered with iron ore, the particles increasing in size as you ascend towards the top, until upon its summit are found disconnected masses many tons in weight, and often six or eight feet in diameter. To what depth the iron ore extends below the base of the mountain has never yet been ascertained.

Dogs.—The dog pound went into operation on the 25th of June last, and since that time 2,160 dogs have been caught, sold or slaughtered, for which \$2,160 has been paid by the City Treasury. During the first two days 650 dogs were received at the pound corner of Thirty-first street and First avenue, but since they have fallen off to about 60 per day. The best dogs are put aside for redemption by their owners. For pups they pay \$1; for grown dogs \$2. If they are not redeemed they are sold, and the residue are drowned.

DISMISSAL OF THE CHARGE AGAINST MR. LEVERICH.—The complaint for forgery which some weeks ago was preferred by Alfred Carson, Esq., Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, against his brother-in-law, Mr. John B. Leverich, which has been under examination for some time before Justice Flandreau, was disposed of by the magistrate deciding it to be unfounded, and honorably acquitting Mr. Leverich.

THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE AND MR. HERBERT.—We learn from the Worcester Spy, that a letter has been received in that city from a gentleman in California, which states that Herbert, the Congressman, has been notified by the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco, never to show his head in California again, under the severest penalties.

FIFTEEN PERSONS POISONED.—A most lamentable and singular affair occurred in this city this week. A party of friends were invited to take tea with the family of Mr. Jas. Steele, and all the party enjoyed themselves, and returned to their homes in good faith. During the night, every one of the party, including Mr. Steele's family, were taken violently ill, and sent for their family physicians. Since their first attack, they have all undergone the most intense suffering, and give positive evidence of having been poisoned. As yet, the nature of the poison has not been ascertained. The following is a list of the unfortunate sufferers: Mr. Jas. Steele, wife and two children; Mr. Thos. Houston, wife and two children; Mrs. Joseph Walker and child; Mrs. W. Bradley and child; Miss Julia Morgan, Mrs. Webb, Mrs. Theophilus Jones. The youngest daughter of Mr. Steele died. A post-mortem examination of the body was made, but it was too late to ascertain the result before our paper went to press. A majority of the sufferers are still in a very critical condition.—*From the Rising Sun (Ia.) Visitor.*



SCENE OF THE HORRIBLE AND MYSTERIOUS MURDER IN BROADWAY: DRAWN ON THE SPOT.

YELLOW JACK.—The bark John Griffin, from Cienfuegos, came into Quarantine on Sunday, July 20. The mate sickened and died in port of Cienfuegos, and the captain and two seamen died on the passage of yellow fever. The bark George Leslie, from Cienfuegos, arrived the same day, had every man on board, except the captain, sick with the yellow fever on the voyage. One man died and was buried at sea; another of the crew was sent to the Marine Hospital. The Health officer has ordered the two vessels to be anchored far down the bay for safety. The bark Leo, from Havana, has also been sent down the bay to discharge.

PLAN OF PUBLICATION.

The country edition will contain the latest metropolitan news, general miscellany, sporting chronicles of the turf and field; religious intelligence, music, and the drama, up to Thursday evening, and will be despatched early on Friday morning. The New York edition will be published on Saturday morning, and will contain the latest intelligences, foreign and domestic, markets, &c., up to the latest hour on Friday night.

Price, 10 cents per copy.

Six months Subscription, 1 volume	\$2 00
" " 2 volumes	4 00
" " 10 volumes	19 00

One copy of the News & Frank Leslie's Gazette, \$6 per annum.

One copy of the News & Frank Leslie's New York Journal, \$5 50 per annum.

Subscriptions should be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 12 and 14 Spruce Street, New York. Communications to Frank Leslie's Illustrated News.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union, or in Central or South America, and Canadas, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with written description, they will be thankfully received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us with their assistance, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and every thing will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic manner.

ENGLISH AGENCY.—Subscriptions received by Trübner & Co., 12 Paternoster Row, London.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, JULY 26, 1856.

FROM THE WATERING PLACES.

Our correspondence from the different fashionable watering places, exposes a curious falling off, not only in the usual number of visitors, but also in the still stranger phenomenon of less love making and flirtation than was ever before known. Up to the present hour the beaux have shown a strange propensity to exclusive association with themselves, to the great destruction of mint juleps and Havana cigars. The billiard tables and ten pin alleys are crowded with gentlemen, who seem to shun the parlors and drawing-rooms of the hotels with a kind of instinctive dread. Meanwhile the ladies are in a state of perturbation. They have opened in vain their batteries of smiles and fascinations, and without effect have enlarged their proportions by the means of whip cord and whalebone. It is an established fact that moonlight has no enticements, and flirtations of all sorts are among the things that were. Even the charm of music, which so inspires the heels even after the mind has ceased to be impulsive by sense or sound, echoes upon the vacant air, without, comparatively speaking, a single response from light fantastic toes. Politicians have not done this, for the habitués of our fashionable resorts seldom take any interest in such vulgar associations. The nice distinctions between Republicans, Democrats and Americans, are too subtle for intellects fed upon French dishes and Saratoga water. Perhaps if Congress should happily adjourn, new elements of interest might be poured into these resorts of fashionable dissipation, and something might be done to shed over the "last days of the season" a touch of their former splendor. We perceive that quite recently a match was broken off because the bride could not pass through the door of the carriage which was to take her to church. After several vain attempts to "squeeze in," it was found that she must make an election between a husband and disordered petticoats, and considering her fashionable figure of more importance than a partner for life, she got angry and refused to fulfil the contract, and now reigns in single blessedness. Possibly those new-fangled enlargements may have something to do with the apparent estrangement of belles and beaux at the watering places. A gentleman who desires to cultivate a lady's acquaintance, naturally wishes to come within speaking distance; but being deprived of this luxury, must place himself with such vulgar amusements as suggest themselves outside of the charms of ladies' society. We shall watch the progress of events with considerable interest, and find food for profound reflection in noticing the moral influence upon society of these terrible skirts, which are estranging husbands and lovers from their wives and sweethearts, and if not suddenly contracted, must change the entire form of society, so far as social intercourse and verbal exchange of ideas are concerned.

QUALIFICATIONS OF A MISSISSIPPI EDITOR.—The Yazoo (Miss.) American Banner is owned by Mrs. H. N. Prewett, whose husband, when living, was editor of the Natchez Courier. Mrs. Prewett having a family to provide for, like a true woman went vigorously to work. Establishing herself in Yazoo, she became proprietor and editor of the Banner, and has for years conducted that sheet with independence and ability. In different contests she has often been attacked, but has generally managed to come off victorious. Nothing seems to annoy her more than the fact that any one should yield anything because of her sex. Determined in the present political campaign to be on an equality with the best of her contemporaries, she recently published the following card:

We have the pleasure of announcing to the readers of the American Banner that Mr. John T. Smith, an able writer and a zealous American, who has been connected with the Mississippi press for fourteen years, has been engaged to take charge of the political department of this paper during the coming canvass. Mr. Smith, though a remarkably courteous and amiable gentleman, has fought five duels, killing his man every time. He brings into the political canvass, besides a general stock of political information and zeal for the cause, two Bowie knives, one of Parson Beecher's Sharpe's rifles, two six-shooters, and sundry canes and shillelahs, not to speak of two pair of brass knuckles. We bespeak for Mr. Smith a cordial reception by the press-gang.

Mrs. Prewett possesses nothing of the character denominated "strong minded;" she is domestic in her habits, strongly attached to her friends, and dotes upon her children. By circumstances she could not control, she has been compelled to appear before the public as an editress, and having decided to do so, she maintains her position with manly—she should rather say womanly—fortitude. That she sprang from the right stock, and received the right kind of early impressions, may be gathered from the fact that she was the youngest child of an old veteran, who fought at Saratoga, and up to the day of his death got his living by tilling the blood-stained fields of Bemis Heights. We trust that the lady will get through the presidential contest without the use of the strong arm of Mr. Smith; if not, believing she will always be right, we crow incontinently on her side.

CHARITY OUT OF JOINT.—The papers of the week contain the fact that a respectable family—a widowed mother and a number of little children—were found absolutely starving to death, and beside this announcement was another, that an old negro preacher from Virginia had been very successful in obtaining money in New York and Brooklyn to build him a church in his native town.

INFAMOUS LAW.—The Buffalo Republic states that a genteel looking young man named Camenel was sent to the Penitentiary of that city for six months, for kissing a young lady while she was passing along the street, returning from an exhibition of fireworks in honor of the Fourth. The offence was construed by the lawyers into an assault and battery; as yet the young lady, however great and properly just might have been her indignation, felt assured that the *intention* was only to steal a kiss. It is seldom that we have reason to say hard things of the sex. We are not aware that we have ever before met with any act of a woman, however bad, we could not find some ameliorating circumstance about; but we cannot conceive of the heart that would condemn a young man to prison, ruin his character, and blast his prospects for life, because in a moment of insanity, made so by the lady's charms, he should attempt to steal a kiss. If this kind of justice is to be dealt out hereafter, handsome women must wear veils, in the Eastern fashion, so that they will lead no more young men astray.

CURIOS FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY.—In the Sunflower Prairie, Arkansas, lives a wild man, represented to be six feet four inches in height, and entirely covered with hair of a brownish cast. Several attempts have been made to take him prisoner, but up to the present moment all have failed. It is a curious fact that this child of nature in keeping off his tormentors adopts the old western boatman style of defense, relying upon gouging and biting; we infer, therefore, that these styles indicate the "original man," and are therefore essentially characteristic of the savage.

STRONG FIGURE.—A North Carolina editor, speaking of an opponent, says: "Steph would have sooner thrust his head into the fire, or pinned back his ears and poked his skull into an elephant's mouth, than to have uttered those offensive remarks in Gilman's presence."

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

OUR pictorial illustrations vividly and truthfully set forth the terrible disasters which have marked the history of the past week. We do not recollect to have ever been called upon to record in one week such calamitous occurrences as are detailed in our present paper. The most startling and horrible catastrophe took place near Philadelphia. The scholars of St. Michael's church, Philadelphia, attended by their friends, teachers, and Rev. Mr. Sheridan, left the city on a pic-nic excursion. The train consisted of twelve cars, containing about nine hundred persons; and when near Camp Hill, where there is a curve in the track, was run against by the down train, and, dreadful to relate, some forty persons, mostly children, together with the conductor, Mr. Harris, and Rev. Mr. Sheridan, were killed, and from seventy to eighty badly hurt. Three cars of the up train were broken to splinters, and the fragments ignited from the fire of the engine, by which many of the above victims lost their lives. The down train was but slightly injured, and no person in it sustained any injury. The greatest excitement prevailed in the vicinity of St. Michael's church, where most of the sufferers have resided. Subsequent to the collision, the conductor of the down train—Mr. Vanstavoren—driven to desperation at beholding the result of his criminal recklessness, swallowed arsenic, and terminated his existence. The engineer was placed under arrest. The other disaster happened on Lake Erie, where the steamer Northern Indiana was destroyed by fire while on the passage from Buffalo to Toledo. A number of the passengers were taken off by the steamer Mississippi, which went to the assistance of the burning vessel, but it is believed that between thirty and forty lives are lost. We have still another disaster to record. The propeller Tinto was burned on Monday night, July 21st, on Lake Ontario, and about twelve persons lost their lives. The purser and twelve of the crew were saved.

Nor does our chapter of horrors end here. Elsewhere will be found the particulars of one of the most shocking murders ever committed. The inquest in this mysterious affair was continued on Saturday last, July 19th, but nothing was elicited to afford any clue to the murderer. It is scarcely possible, however, that he can escape, we think. He was undoubtedly an acquaintance of the murdered man, and they had been together during the early part of the night, and partaken freely of lager beer—perhaps something stronger. Mayor Wood has offered a reward of \$500 for the discovery of the murderer.

One of the most important meetings of the present political campaign took place this week at Stuyvesant Institute, in the union of the two sections of the Democratic general committees of the city and county. The preliminary steps of this movement were taken some time since. It was expected by some that at the last moment one of the factions would back down from the proposed coalition. Slight discontent was manifested by a few at the plan of union submitted, but the dissatisfaction was overruled. The meeting, however, was a long and somewhat exciting one, lasting till nearly midnight, and terminating in the election of Mr. Lorenzo B. Shepard as chairman of the joint committee.

Washington has been in a perfect blaze of excitement, which has extended generally over the country, in consequence of the following card, published in the *Intelligencer*:

"I am informed that the memorandum of a recent conversation of myself and friends with the friends of Mr. Brooks, has received in some quarters, from its position as appended to Mr. Brooks' speech, an interpretation which does injustice to its real meaning and to my intentions.

"This is what I say and have said in relation to my speech, that I observed in it the rules of personal and parliamentary decorum; that I could not qualify or retract any portion of it, and held myself responsible to any gentleman aggrieved by it.

"This is the only construction which I supposed would be placed on the memorandum, which my friends reduced to writing, that there might be no misunderstanding. But, inasmuch as attempts, not altogether unsuccessful, have been made to pervert its true meaning, I now withdraw it. And that there may not be any apprehension in the future, I say explicitly that I leave my speech to interpret itself, and hold myself responsible for it without qualification or amendment.

"A. BURLINGAME."

As might have been expected, a *diff* was the result. Mr. Brooks on Monday forenoon, July 21, despatched Gen. Lane to Mr. Burlingame to inquire where and when a meeting should take place, urging that afternoon or the next morning as a favorable time. Mr. Burlingame responded by designating the Clifton House, Niagara Falls, at noon, on the following Saturday, as the place and time. The reply did not reach Mr. Brooks until a late hour on Monday night. So the matter rested till ten o'clock on Tuesday forenoon, when, at the instigation of Mr. Francis C. Treadwell, of New York, Mr. Brooks was arrested by the police, taken before a magistrate, and required to give security in five thousand dollars to keep the peace. Mr. Burlingame's whereabouts was not known, but it was

presumed that he set out for Niagara to fulfil his appointment. Mr. Brooks, in his statement to the public, gives his version of the circumstances under which the quarrel originated, and its progress up to the time when, by the interference of Mr. Treadwell, hostilities were brought to an abrupt termination. From this statement it appears that General Lane regarded the proposition of Mr. Burlingame as a mere subterfuge, and thereupon advised his principal to take no further notice of the matter. Mr. Brooks, however, holds himself in readiness to meet his antagonist whenever invited so to do. That is to say, he will pursue the present affair no further unless Mr. Burlingame challenges him. As the latter gentleman fights only on the defensive, it is probable that this "tempest in a teapot" will end here, and that we shall have no more wars or rumors of wars between these two belligerents. The following is the telegraphic history of the affair: Brooks addressed Burlingame, inquiring where, outside the district of Columbia, he would receive a message from him; this note was sent by the hands of Gen. Lane, of Oregon; Burlingame, who as the party to be challenged had a right to name the place of meeting, named Clifton House, Canada side, Niagara Falls, where no outside interference would be probable; taking with him General Charles James, of Wisconsin, as his friend, he left the district, in order to avoid arrest, and took the cars between Washington and Baltimore on his way to the Falls; Brooks declined going to Canada, on the ground that it was not safe for him to do so "as he would have to pass through the enemy's country."

The Herbert case has concluded, but did not excite so much interest on account of the man as the direction the administration papers, the *Union* and others, took in relation thereto. The friends of the deceased employed a verbatim reporter to report Mr. Preston's arguments for publication.

Messrs. E. J. Kewen and J. H. Marshall, commissioners appointed by Gen. Walker to examine into the affairs of the Accessory Transit company, have made a lengthy report, in which the forfeiture of the company's rights is defended, and the seizure of its property justified on the ground of an indebtedness due to the State of Nicaragua of \$412,589 96. According to the statement of the commissioners, the company appears to have been in a thriving condition, the net profits of the year being stated to be \$696,000 per annum.

John Van Buren has been writing letters to the *Tribune* and *Times*, because they criticise his political tergiversations. He thus winds up one of his epistles: "As I give you the trouble to publish this note, it will be a great pleasure to me to present you with a box of cigars if Old Kinderhook does not give Buchanan and Breckinridge, instead of 30 votes, as your correspondent predicts, a majority of 100 over Fremont, Dayton and Johnston." Those who remember the Prince's prediction in regard to our State election, will not have much confidence in him as a political prophet.

William Pinto, mate of the slave brig Braman, has been found guilty of voluntarily serving on board of that vessel as a slaver. He was sentenced to two years imprisonment and fined \$50. The crew were acquitted and discharged. The highest punishment for the offence is two years imprisonment and \$2,000 fine.

We have just gone through one of E. Merriam's regular "heated terms." The heat was beyond any heretofore recorded in this city, so far as we recollect. In Wall street and in our publication office the mercury reached as high as 104 deg. in the shade. Fortunately there was something of a breeze stirring, which modified the fervor of the sun, and there was less danger and less suffering than frequently under a much lower temperature.

There was a destructive conflagration in this city July 21. A fire broke out in Muller's lager bier brewery, situated in Forty-fifth street, between First and Second avenues, and in a short time the flames extended to the Turtle Bay brewery, and the brewery of Mr. Clements, on Forty-fourth street. The three establishments were entirely consumed, together with six dwelling houses, involving a loss of property estimated at about \$95,000, but a trifling portion of which was covered by insurance.

The acrimonious feeling unhappily existing between the North and South has been embittered by a sharp and defiant correspondence between Governor Winston of Alabama and Governor Gardner of Massachusetts. The former contemptuously returned the Kansas resolves of the Massachusetts Legislature transmitted by their Executive, and cavalierly informed him that he wanted no further communication with him or with his State. Gov. Gardner's reply makes over a column, and severely handles in detail the charges of the Governor of Alabama. Gov. Gardner concludes by informing Gov. Winston that he shall continue to send resolves to Alabama, when directed to do so by the Legislature, so long as he fills the executive chair.

The Spiritualists of New York and vicinity had a grand picnic July 22d. They made a pilgrimage to St. Ronan's well, Flushing, L. I. There was a motley assemblage of strong minded women and long haired men. The mediums delivered some execrable speeches and the affair passed off (to them) very pleasantly, as they picked a great many odd two-shilling pieces. The eshade of Emanuel Swedenborg was there, and he must have been disgusted with his disciples. However, as Uncle Toby said to the fly, the world is large enough for us all. Let the Spiritualists enjoy themselves.

The new steamship Vanderbilt made her first trial trip on Saturday, July 19. She worked very well. She is now at Washington, where Com. Vanderbilt is entertaining the members of Congress in a style of princely magnificence. What axe has he got to grind?

The annual commencement exercises of the Free Academy were held on Tuesday evening, July 22, at the Academy of Music. The building was crowded to its utmost capacity, 6,000 persons at least being present, a large proportion of whom were ladies. Andrew H. Green, Esq., president of the Board of Education, presided, and among the many eminent and distinguished gentlemen upon the stage were Hon. Luther Bradish, Peter Cooper, Esq., J. W. Gerard, Esq., the Rev. Dr. Tyng, the Rev. Dr. Ferris, James Harper, Esq., Judge Woodruff, many members of the Board of Education, together with a great number of school officers of the local educational boards of the city. The usual distribution of prizes was made.

By the report of the committee on the annual tax roll, in the Board of Supervisors, it appears that the relative value of real and personal estate in the city and county of New York has increased nearly twenty-seven millions over that of 1855. The tax levy amounts to \$1 37 on each \$100. The Counsel to the Corporation sent in communication, giving his opinion that the appropriation of \$200,000 for the Central Park was illegal. George Law, in a petition for the reduction of taxes, states that his property in the Eighteenth Ward should not be assessed at \$200,000, and it was remitted.

Judge Whiting, at the suit of the Corporation Counsel, has granted an injunction against the Mayor, Recorder, &c., of the city and county of New York, enjoining them to desist from levying a tax for \$200,000, under the resolution of the Board of Supervisors, for the improvement of the Central Park.

The State Convention of the Executive Committee of the Order of United Americans for the State of New York met in this city on Monday, July 21. Fillmore and Donelson were unanimously nominated for President and Vice President respectively, and a committee of ten was appointed to communicate the action of the Convention to the candidates. The attendance is said to have been larger than at any meeting of the committee held heretofore.

As will be seen in another part of the paper, the Surrogate has decided to allow the contestants of Parrish's will an injunction against a portion of the property held by Mrs. Parrish.

Anson G. Phelps' will is disputed by his heirs. They contest the payment of his religious and charitable bequests. This will, which is one involving nearly two millions of dollars, is to come before the Supreme Court in September next for judicial construction of some points in dispute among the heirs.

TRouble AT CASTLE GARDEN.—Some time since, a parcel of baggage was left by an emigrant at Castle Garden previous to his departure to the country, with instructions to send it to him when he wrote for it. On arriving at his destination he wrote to the Superintendent, John A. Kennedy, for his goods. Mr. Kennedy declined to forward them until he had received the brass check he had received for the goods. On Monday a person called on Mr. Kennedy, who admitted he was not the owner, but exhibited the check and demanded the goods; which the superintendent refused to deliver, although the person's demand was backed by a policeman from the Mayor's office. Yesterday morning the Mayor sent a posse of policemen, under charge of officer Semple, to seize the luggage, which they did, notwithstanding the protest of Mr. Kennedy, who denied the power of Mayor Wood to interfere with the action of a department under the control of a State board like the Commissioners of Emigration.

MUSIC.

FOURTEENTH STREET OPERA HOUSE.—The rumor prevailing last week that this house had been leased to Max Maretzki, at the yearly rent of \$22,000—the stock-holders to retain their privilege of *entre*, but yielding their seats unless they notify the treasurer before twelve o'clock on the day of performance, and pay fifty cents, the same as the public at large—had no foundation in fact, we believe, for we observe that the advertisement to lease the house to some “enterprising empressario” is still continued in the public journals by the authority of the president. It is a pity that this enterprising empressario does not “hurry to the fore.” Unless some one comes to the rescue soon, our chance for an Italian opera in the coming season is very uncertain. Who will make an offer? Don't all speak at once!

All our musical people are away; some are in the country for pleasure, others for profit. On the 18th inst., say the Toronto papers, Madame Anna De La Grange, first prima donna from her Majesty's theatre, London, and the Imperial operas of St. Petersburg and Vienna, and L. M. Gottschalk, Knight of the Royal Order of Isabel the Catholic, and the Royal Order of Saxony, gave their last grand concert. These admirable artists have met with great and continual success throughout their tour. We have read some of the criticisms in the provincial papers, which fully endorse the judgment and echo the praises of the metropolitan press. They will reap an abundant harvest of fame and riches. The Pyne Opera troupe are en route for Buffalo, where they will give a series of operatic entertainments, commencing Monday, July 28. We envy the Buffalonians the luxury of listening to the “Skylark,” summer song. What has become of the enterprise of our managers that they have allowed this most delicious of songs to be absent from the city for a whole year? No more brilliant and certain attraction could be secured for this the “musical pearl” of all classes. We are comforted by the assurance that she will positively appear in New York in the fall. Madlle. Teresa Parodi, Maurice Strakosch and Madame are resting from their labors, we are told, in the neighborhood of the beautiful lake George. Report says that they have divided the comfortable sum of *fifty thousand dollars*, the net profits of ten months constant and laborious professional services. Maurice Strakosch is the only man who thoroughly understands how to make a musical tour pay. He never rests; a concert is given every day; popular features are constantly sought for; all promises are fulfilled, and all the country believes in Strakosch, and feels that whatever party he announces will be worthy of patronage. Festivals are rejuvenating her beauties at Nahant, and half our orchestral performers are distributed at the various watering places, gaining liberal salaries and health at the same time. William Mason is rustinating in the luxuriant wilds of Orange, New Jersey, pondering, in all probability, upon rich programmes for his coming pleasant *matinées*, and writing some new *Moreceaux de Salons*, which shall rival in charm and popularity his famous “Silver Spring,” “Cradle Song,” &c. Our foreign files are full of items of musical and dramatic interest. As far as London is concerned, Johanna Wagner is a failure. The memory of her somewhat shuffling conduct, two or three years since, has operated strongly against her. An artist who offends the public previous to a first appearance is certain to be made aware of its anger on a subsequent *début*. Puffery is of little avail; the mass is stubborn, and merit is often immolated at the altar of its offended self-love. We cannot think that the London decision, under the circumstances, at all affects the artistic standing of Johanna Wagner. Her merit is too well tried, and of too long a standing. Her Majesty, the Queen, withheld the light of her countenance, and the prestige of her support from the German artist, and this fact strongly influenced her fate, for rank and fashion could not countenance that which majesty ignored! That the Queen should not patronize a German singer is a fact worthy to be recorded, as hitherto she has openly fostered everything foreign in art and studiously turned her back upon every votary of art who is native born, that amiable scion of Germany, Prince Albert, using all his influence to warp her mind from her clear and manifest duty. The London flat has not killed Wagner, as the future will show. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, Barnum's “angel,” has closed her London career for the present. It is said that she has made *sixty thousand pounds sterling* (\$300,000) by her few months' engagement. It is not reported that one half of these enormous earnings will be devoted to establishing a college and public schools in the Feejee Islands. Mr. Buckstone took his benefit at the Haymarket Theatre, on the 30th of June. In his address he made the following statement:

“A common phrase of the day is to refer to the decline of the drama. Whatever may be its decline elsewhere, I am proud and happy to say that it is not recognized here, which may be proved by the fact that, when this theatre opened in October, 1853, after the alterations I have alluded to were made, it continued open, and without any other interruption than Christmas day, Ash Wednesday, and Passion week, up to this evening, for 815 consecutive nights. I do not know whether this has been accomplished by any other London management; I only know that it has never before occurred in this theatre; and, as I still intend to go on, it is calculated that some time in February next we shall have completed continuous performances of 1,000 nights; and, life and health permitting, we do not intend to stop then.”

The beautiful Piccolomini, that child of impulsive genius, has sustained the *furore* created by her first appearance, by her unsurpassable delineation of “Marie” in “La Figlia del Reggimento.” The new ballet, “Le Corsaire,” recently produced at her Majesty's theatre, and of which Madlle. Rosati is the heroine, is thus spoken of: “The first idea of the ballet is taken from Byron, but very little of Byron has been left in the finished work. The Empress Eugenie is said to have sketched the programme with her own fair hands. The Chevalier Saint-Georges touched up the sketch, and fastened it with flowers of his own rather musty rhetoric. Madlle. Rosati disinterred an old Italian ballet of the same name, by the chorographer Galzerani, and purloined from it a few situations for her own rôle. Adolphe Adam composed the music, and it is alleged his too retentive memory has laid Donizetti under contribution. Next came M. Crosnier, ex-director of the Opera, who, finding that the ballet would extend through three mortal hours—double the legitimate time—applied his finishing hand to it, taking the minute hand of his watch for his muse. After all, the principal contributor to the work may be said to be M. Sacré, the machinist, author at once of the sinking ship and the tempest that sinks it. In short, the elaboration of “Le Corsaire” has taxed the genius of no less than nine co-operative authors. We were aware that it takes nine tailors to make a man, but we now learn for the first time that it takes nine authors to make a ballet.

Mrs. Lucy Eastcott, a Yankee girl, took her benefit at Drury Lane theatre, June 20th, when she appeared as “Arline” in the “Bohemian Girl.” She has been for some time prima donna at this theatre, and is well spoken of; indeed she has made a decided success. Mr. Borroni, who sang here with the Pyne troupe, made his first appearance since his return from America, on this occasion. He was warmly welcomed back.

The well known and admirable French actor, Levassor, was giving entertainments, solus, at the Hanover-square rooms.

Madame Vestris, who has for some time been suffering from most severe indisposition, will shortly take a farewell benefit, preparatory to her final retirement from the stage.

Our favorite violinist, the celebrated Sivori, is playing with his usual wonderful success, in London. He is immensely popular wherever he appears.

The coronation of the Emperor of Russia at Moscow, will attract a host of artistic talent. Among others engaged to be present, we find the following: MM. Lablache, Calzolari, Bettini, Davide, Tagliafico, Debassini, and Marin; Mmes. Bosio, Maray, Demeric, and Lotti. That prolific and popular composer Balfé, is said to be busily engaged in writing a new opera to be produced at Drury Lane theatre some time in September. The Poet Bunn will probably contribute the libretto, and the world will rejoice in some new immortal poems, at least equal to “When hollow hearts shall wear a mask!” Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams made their first bow to an English audience on Monday evening, June 30th. They appeared at the Adelphi theatre. The house was crowded, and their success was very good. A London paper speaks of their *début* in the following terms: Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams made their first appearance in London last evening. The part of Melisa, a Yankee gal from “down east,” in a comic drama, entitled “The Customs of the Country,” was chosen by the lady for her *début*; and Mr. Buckstone's farce of “Irish Lion,” was selected for a similar purpose by the gentleman. The former piece is in some respects the same as that produced at Drury Lane theatre, when Mr. and Mrs. Florence, (two other American favorites,) first appeared in England. Both pieces are, in fact, intended merely to afford the actresses free scope for the display of the peculiar characteristics of “down east” girls who hire themselves out as “helps.” The part performed by Mrs. Barney Williams last night, is much more improbable than that written for Mrs. Florence, and as there is an understood rivalry between the ladies, comparison can scarcely be evaded; it must therefore, in candor be stated that Mrs. Florence is decidedly a more genuine actress than her sister. Mrs. Barney Williams, however, played with great spirit and effect, in fact, made a complete success—was encored in the song, “My Mary Ann,” called on at the end of the piece and received a bouquet. Mr. Barney Williams was equally successful as Tim Moore in “The Irish Lion,” and kept the house in a roar. His style is rather hard and loud, but it told exceedingly well. Madame Lorini who has made a “hit” at the Surrey theatre in London, as Norma, was Virginia Whiting, formerly of the Adelphi, at 75 Court street, Boston, when under the management of John Brougham. Mario has made a great success in the part of “Manrico” in the opera of “Il Trovatore.” It is the first new character he has undertaken in several years.

A posthumous opera composed by the late Adolphe Adam, is about to be produced at the Opera Comique. The office of administrator-general of the French opera having become vacant by the resignation of M. Crosnier, the director of the Odeon theatre, M. Alphonse Roger, has been appointed to fill it. An Italian vocalist of considerable reputation, Madame Marcellini, has been engaged for and will shortly appear at the Grand Opera in Paris. A number of new pieces have been produced at the Paris theatres, affording plenty of food for our dramatic translators; but most of them are of such questionable moral character, that we sincerely hope no author will waste his time in rendering them into English, and that no manager will have the hardihood to represent them at an American theatre. We give the names of some of the pieces: At La Galette, the “Oiseau de Paradis” (Bird of Paradise) a fairy spectacle in ten tableaux; at the Ambigu Comique, a grand drama called “Le Fleau des Morts”; at the Théâtre Francaise “Le Pied d'Argile” was condemned and withdrawn. At this theatre a grand prose drama, written by M. Vienet, has been accepted. At the Vaudeville, the career of an unmitigated *rôle* has been presented, with an absurd moral tag, of course, in a drama called “L'Enfant du Siècle.” It met with moderate success, as did also a one act piece, entitled “Les Femmes Peintes par Elles-mêmes.” The Emperor Louis Napoleon is in favor of stage morality. On receiving a presentation copy of the play “La Bourse” from its author, M. Fonsard, the Emperor closes an autograph letter with the following words: “Persevere, sir, in the moral line you have adopted, too rarely, perhaps, followed on the stage, one so worthy, however, of authors called like you to a high reputation there.”

A Madame Madeline Brohan, an actress at the Comédie Française, famous

in a very surreptitious manner from Paris, although engaged at the time in rehearsing a new play by Scribe. She is to appear in London, unless she returns back to Paris.

LAW VERSUS ACTORS AND SINGERS.—The application of Madame Ronconi, who is exquisitely beautiful, to compel her husband, the celebrated baritone of all the opera houses, to support her, has revealed the purity of operatic life in brilliant characters. Each proves triumphantly sundry cases of adultery against the other, and no one seems to be much shocked; every one taking the affair as a matter of course. This is simply a mutual breach of the marriage contract; the following cases are for breaches of another kind:

M. Hostein, director of the Théâtre de la Gaîté, Paris, brought an action before the civil tribunal against M. Dumas and M. Maquet, to obtain from them the manuscript of a play written by them under the title of “The Dame de Montsoreau,” which, by treaty signed in 1850, they had engaged to write for his theatre, and for which M. Dumas had been paid 1,000 francs on account, but which they had recently transferred to the Théâtre du Cirque. The defendants, without denying the truth of M. Hostein's allegations, contended that he had abandoned the treaty, inasmuch as he had refused in 1853 to accept certain offers that were made to him for the execution of it, and had since said nothing at all about it. The tribunal, however, ordered M. Dumas and M. Maquet to remit to M. Hostein the manuscript of the play within three weeks, and decided that the latter should immediately put it into rehearsal; it also forbade the director of the Cirque to represent the piece, and condemned M. Dumas and M. Maquet to pay the costs.

Mdlle. Garcia, an actress of the Odeon theatre, brought an action before the civil tribunal against M. Ponsard, author of the comedy “La Bourse,” now being performed at that theatre, and against M. Royer, the director, to recover 2,500 francs, for having deprived her of the part of Estelle in that piece, after causing her to study and rehearse it, whereby they cast a slur upon her reputation as an artist; and a further sum of 2,500 francs for the expenses to which she had been put in purchasing dresses for the part. The defendants represented that they had been obliged to take the part from the lady because she did not display sufficient talent in it; and that as to the dresses, they being such as she usually wore, she could easily utilize them. The tribunal decided that as it is a rule in theatres for managers and authors to have the power of taking away parts from performers with whom they are not satisfied, no indemnity could be granted to Mdlle. Garcia on that score; but that as M. Ponsard and M. Royer ought to have notified at an earlier period to Mdlle. Garcia that they were dissatisfied with her, and so have prevented her from incurring expenses for dresses, they must pay her for their neglect so to do, 1,000 francs.

M. Mazzolini, a theatrical singer, brought an action before the civil tribunal of Paris, against M. Crosnier, director of the Grand Opera, to obtain damages for breach of engagement. He stated, that after singing at Vienna with success he was engaged for two years and a half at the opera, at 1,200 francs a month for the first six months, and at 24,000 francs for the following year, and at 30,000 francs for the year after; and that it was agreed that before coming out he should study for six months at the expense of the administration, in order that he might become familiarized with the French language, and with the usages of the Paris stage. After he had studied some time, M. Crosnier had, without allowing him time for the preparation usual in such cases, called on him to rehearse “Guillaume Tell,” and not being satisfied with the manner in which he had acquitted himself, declared that he must consider his engagement at an end. M. Crosnier, on his side, showed that the wording of the agreement was such as to leave the administration of the Opera perfectly free at the expiration of the six months' study, to say whether it was or was not satisfied with M. Mazzolini's talent, and that in the event of its not being so the agreement was not to take effect. The tribunal took the same view of the case, and dismissed the action with costs.

THE DRAMA.

WALLACK'S THEATRE—THE SUMMER GARDEN.—The three great successes of Mr. Stuart's management, “The Phantom,” “The Young Acress,” and the “Life of an Actress,” are alternated nightly, and continue to attract large and brilliant audiences. The striking characteristics of these several pieces are such as to make their mark, and by enlisting the sympathies of the audience, insure a reputation that is continually spreading and attracting new visitors to the Summer Garden. Miss Agnes Robertson, whose gentle and womanly charms exercise an influence as great in private as in public, gains new laurels and new admirers every night, for her genius robs even the same performance of the appearance of sameness. She is ever fresh and ever welcome. Dion Boucicault has firmly established his reputation as an incomparable actor of eccentric characters, and the applause which he nightly receives is a tribute to that talent now so warmly recognized by all, and must be separated from the admiration which is due to him as the author. The company works well; the orchestra does credit to the careful leading of Robert Steele, and unequalled success is the result of well directed and judicious management.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The first appeal of Miss Stanley to the New York public, in the shape of a benefit, was duly and liberally responded to on Thursday evening, July 24th, by a crowded, fashionable, and enthusiastic audience. The brief sojourn that Miss Emma Stanley has made amongst us has proved, by the exercise of her unquestioned talents and the appreciating intelligence of our audiences, a period of unqualified triumph. At this season of the year it requires no light attraction to draw forth our citizens; combined efforts will often achieve this, but individual efforts rarely. Miss Stanley has won from the New York public this most flattering testimony of her varied powers of entertaining and delighting her auditors, and no praise can speak louder of the excellence and versatility of these powers. Her successes here are prematurely brought to a close by an engagement made here by Mr. Niblo's agents while he was in Europe. Miss Stanley will therefore proceed to Philadelphia, where her success will be great and as decided as it was here in New York. The Ravelles, Mdlle. Robert and young Hengler attract the usual brilliant audiences on the off-nights of Miss Stanley.

The last appearance of Miss Emma Stanley takes place this evening, Saturday, July 26, when she will doubtless be greeted by an overflowing house. Mr. Burton and his company appear at this establishment on Monday evening, July 25th.

BOWERY THEATRE.—The production of the “Pirates of the Mississippi,” a new piece from the pen of John Brougham, has proved the special success of the past week. The pirates are neither more nor less than a number of the most “respectable” citizens of a river town, who, banded secretly together for plunder, swindle, rife and murder all whose means are wanted to enrich their hoards. The plot, though seemingly extravagant, is really tamely probable, when compared with the atrocious, long-concealed and widely-spread conspiracies ferreted out and exposed by the public-spirited and indefatigable “Regulators” and “Vigilance Committee.” The drama is of course full of startling incident and highly-wrought situations; abounds, of course, with bursts of Buncome eloquence in according to the exigencies of the situation, and is altogether a stirring, exciting and terrible picture of life and manners in some of our States, where law is powerless, and the people have to administer justice to the criminals the law protects. The deep-laid schemes of the river pirates are frustrated, exposed and finally punished through the agency of a simple but faithful Irishman, who tumbles upon a knowledge of all their plans unbeknown to himself, and makes everything straight in the most Irish way possible. John Brougham is the Irishman of course, and his reception and the hearty laughter and applause which greeted his efforts throughout, prove how popular he is with the audience he has now the good fortune to cater for. The scenery is deserving of much notice and praise. The two scenes representing the effects of sunset and moonlight upon the “Father of Waters” are particularly beautiful, and do infinite credit to the vivid imagination and brilliant pencil of Hillyard, the artist. There are other scenes well worthy of mention, and all the stage arrangements were worthy of commendation.

The acting was most excellent. Madame Ponisi as the “Pirate's Lady,” wronged but loving, slighted and vengeful, made some strong points and brought down the house; our favorite Kate Reigholds in a character of some difficulty gave evidence of her rapid and sterling improvement. She is of all our young actresses the most promising, possessing all the material from which to make a first class actress. Let her keep nature always as her model, avoiding all conventional exaggeration and her way is clear—her ultimate high point within her grasp. Miss M. Partington is a promising little girl; her ballet-action was both expressive and graceful. Mr. Fisher acted with spirit and vigor; Messrs. Grosvenor, Canoil, Denham, Lingard and others were effective and painstaking in their respective parts.

The “Pirates of the Mississippi” has proved a decided success—a success which increases with every representation. The house is brilliantly attended considering the season of the year, and at the scale of prices such audiences must make the treasury account comfortable and plethoric. The new drama will be repeated every night with excellent and well acted farces and comediettas.

BROADWAY VARIETIES.—That tale of fascination to every youthful mind, the imperishable “Forty Thieves,” is being represented by the talented company of little comedians with their usual excellence and great and un-deviating success. The piece gives much scope for display not only as regards scenery and costumes, which are new and splendid, but in the matter of combined evolutions, &c. The little company are admirably drilled, and go through their exercises with a spirit and precision worthy of all praise, and of the shouts of applause which greet their efforts. The acting throughout is full of talent, and altogether the “Forty Thieves” is one of the most pleasing performances yet produced at the Broadway Varieties. We advise our readers to witness its representation.

KELLER'S EMPIRE HALL.—The benefit of Mr. S. Hart, the Treasurer, on Thursday evening, July 24th, was a great success. The entertainments were more than usually varied, among them the “imitations of fourteen statuary in the Museum at Florence” were beautiful beyond all cavil. The “Electron” and the “Avalanche tableaux” still continue to be special favorites, delighting the elegant audiences which attend this chosen temple of the arts.

DUSSELDORF GALLERY OF PAINTING.—Our readers must not suppose because all the fashionable world is presumed to be out of town, that this gallery of rare gems of art is consequently closed. Such is not the case. The Dusseldorf Gallery is one of the institutions of our city, and does not depend upon mere fashionable support; its votaries and supporters are the intellectual, and they are found in all classes.

LAURA KEENE'S NEW VARIETIES.—Miss Laura Keene, remembering that legal anecdote in which the result of a suit was “the shells for the plaintiff and the defendant, and the oysters for the lawyers,” has decided to avoid legal difficulties by quitting the property she has made valuable by her energy and talent, and building for herself a new and beautiful theatre. The wisdom of this course is obvious, and we congratulate her upon her decision. We prognosticate that her friends would see her through, and the facts prove our prophecy correct. The location of the new Varieties is all that could be desired, being just above Houston street, opposite St. Thomas's church. It will occupy the site of Nos. 622 & 624 Broadway, the frontage on Broadway being nearly fifty feet, while its depth, running back to Crosby street, will be one hundred and thirty-five feet. This will afford ample room for the erection of an elegant and commodious theatre. If the room is economised, the auditorium may be made nearly as large as the house she succeeds from. The design and erection of the building are intrusted to the most energetic and enterprising of his class, in short to the theatre builder of New York, John M. Trimble, who though retired from that business, could not withhold his assistance when required by a “lady in distress” and also in a hurry. He therefore gallantly emerged from his voluntary seclusion, and looking the difficulty right in the face, guarantees to have the house up and ready for theatrical purposes in the short space of sixty days. That he will fulfil his engagement no one doubts for a moment. So the public may hold themselves in readiness to greet their favorite Laura Keene, about the beginning of October, in a fine new house of her own. Luckily for her she has a lease of the ground for twenty years and can defy all interference with her right, from any source however wealthy or interested. We say, success to Laura Keene and her New Varieties.

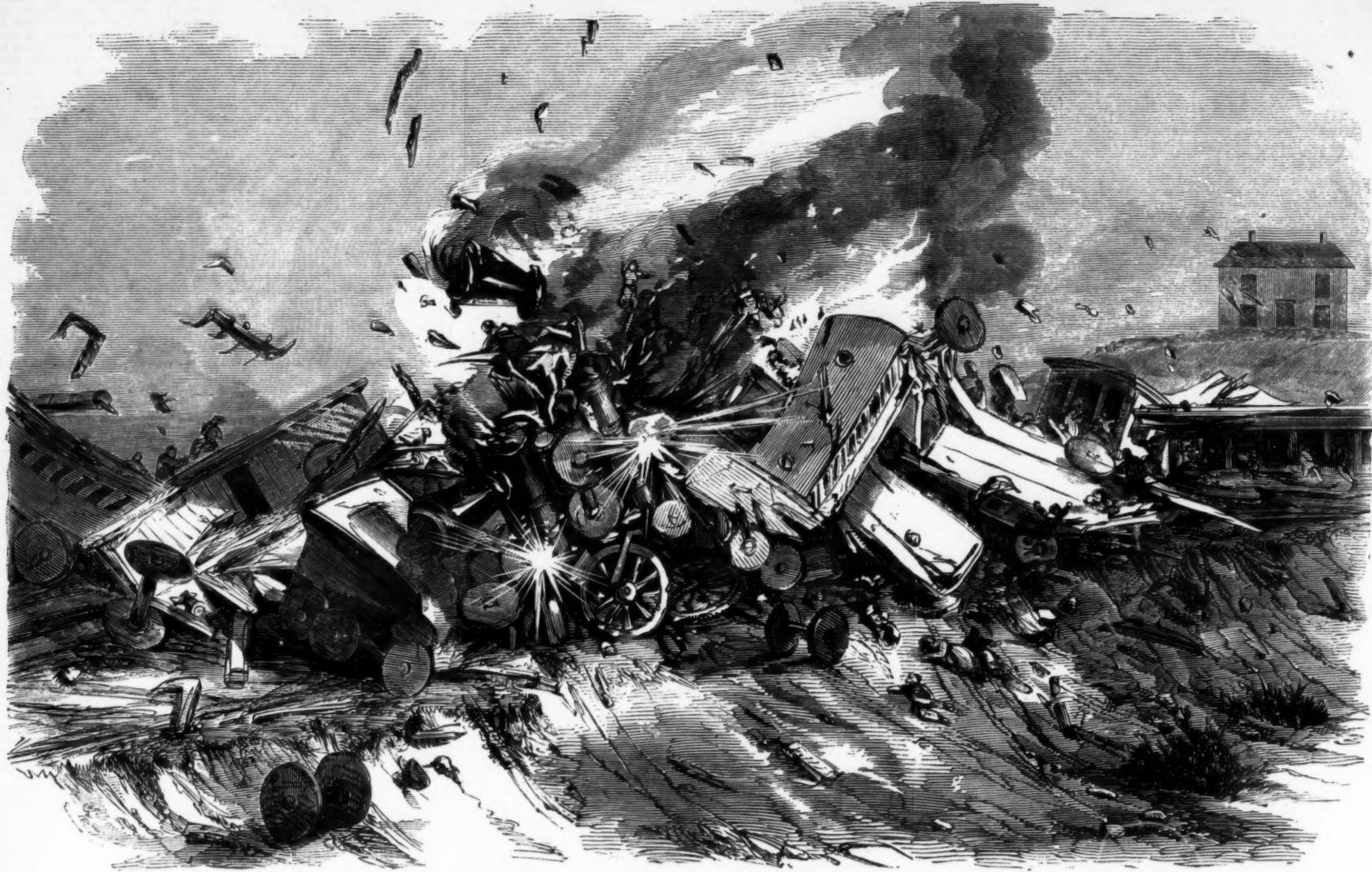
ANOTHER BROADWAY THEATRE.—It seems to be a settled fact that a large and splendid theatre is to be built in Broadway, on the corner of Twelfth street. It is said that a party of gentlemen of wealth and character, encouraged by the decided success of Miss Laura Keene's enterprise, will erect the building upon speculation, and intrust its management to some popular actress. Mrs. Julia Bennett Barrow is spoken of as the probable lessee. Here will be rivalry indeed! no less than six theatrical establishments in Broadway, without counting the Broadway Varieties, Wood and Christy's, Keller's and Buckley's minor establishments. If competition is the soul of business, there will be a large amount of business done in the coming fall. That they cannot all have first-class companies is certain; the race will not be therefore either for the strong or the swift, but for the most cunning and experienced tactician. We shall watch the result with much interest. The Twelfth street theatre will be built, it is said, upon the model of the Boston theatre, which has the reputation of being the most elegant and commodious theatre in the Union. We have no such theatre in New York, and shall not therefore be sorry to see a building erected worthy of the wealth, taste and importance of the metropolitan city of America.

DRAMATIC ITEMS.

BUFFALO.—The veteran actor, Mr. James Wallack, commenced an engagement at the Metropolitan theatre last week. His first character was “Benedick” in “Much Ado About Nothing.” Mr. Wallack will prosecute quite an extensive tour. **BALTIMORE.**—The Holliday theatre opened last Monday, July 21, for a short season. Mr. C. S. Porter, stage manager, and Mr. H. A. Perry as the “star.” The Ravelles will play here after leaving Philadelphia.

NEW HAVEN.—Mdlle. Ventaldi, with Signori Ceresa, Gasparoni, &c., gave a tolerably successful concert here last week. **PHILADELPHIA.**—The City Museum opens this evening, July 26th, for a short season. The company have formed a commonwealth. **BOSTON.**—The celebrated Buckleys' Minstrels commenced an engagement at the Howard Atheneum, which building they have leased for the term of five weeks. Their new Opera House in Broadway is progressing rapidly, and promises to be an ornament to the city. It will be ready for them some time in September, when they will resume their entertainments, which have gained for all concerned a comfortable independence. **QUEBEC.**—The theatre has closed. The affair proved a failure, and the unfortunate manager, Mr. H. Farren, has been arrested and confined in prison for debts contracted in the speculation. **TROY.**—At the Adelphi Cone and Webb, with their wonderful dogs, are attracting fair audiences. **WHEELING, VA.**—The Athenaeum is being altered and improved, preparatory to its opening in September. Messrs. Hammett and Dufield are the lessees. **CAPES ISLAND.**—A small theatrical company organized in Philadelphia will perform here during the summer months. **SY**

APPALLING DISASTER ON THE NORTHERN PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.



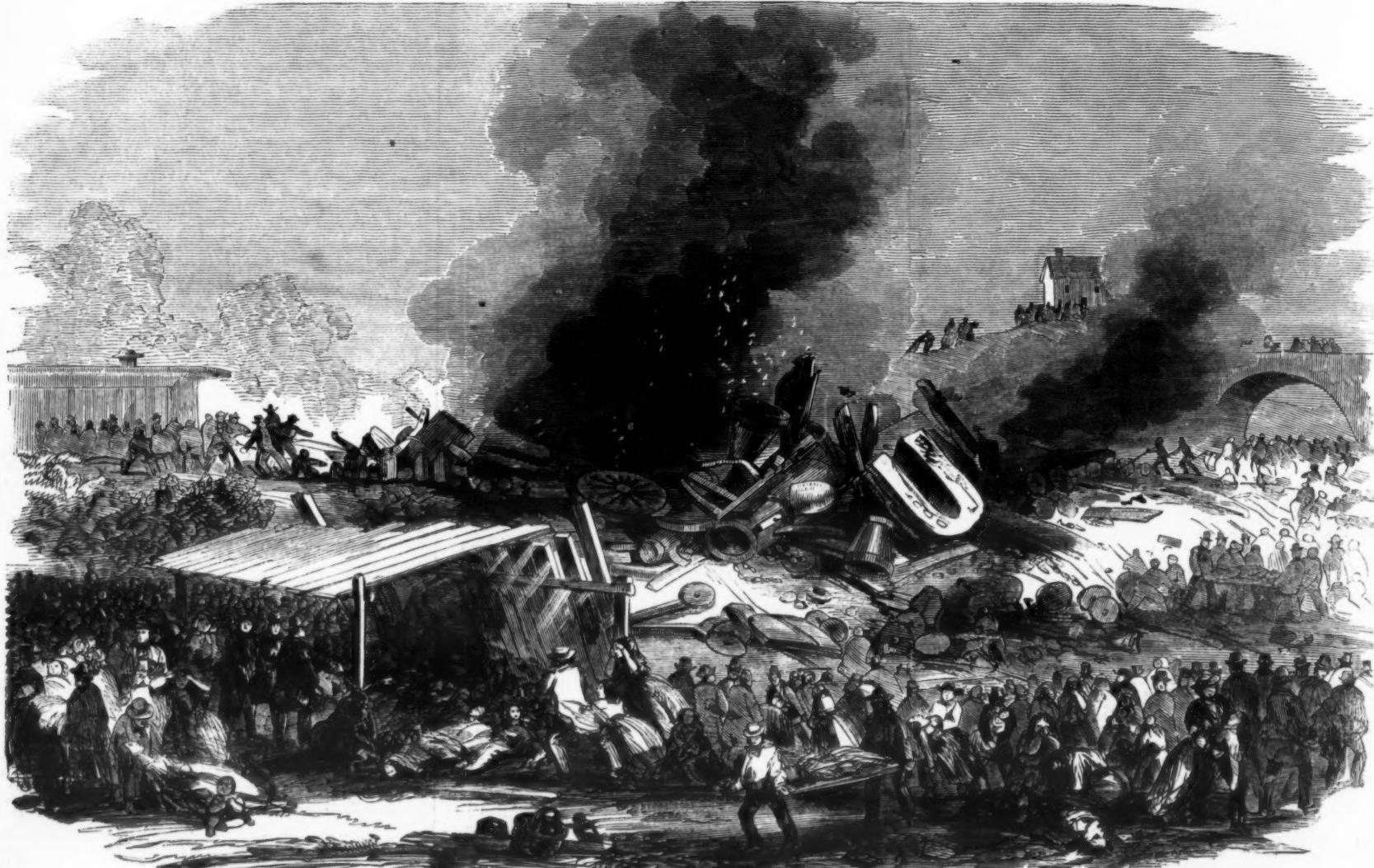
COLLISION OF THE PASSENGER AND EXCURSION TRAINS AT CAMP HILL STATION, FOURTEEN MILES FROM PHILADELPHIA. DRAWN ON THE SPOT BY OUR OWN ARTIST.

DREADFUL COLLISION OF RAILWAY TRAINS AT CAMP HILL STATION, FOURTEEN MILES FROM PHILADELPHIA.

AT five o'clock in the morning of July 17, an excursion train of ten cars left the Master street depot, Philadelphia, with the schools of St. Michael's Roman Catholic church, in Kensington. The excursion party consisted of between five and six hundred persons, the great majority of whom were children. They intended proceeding to Fort Washington, fourteen and a half miles from the city, where they were to enjoy a picnic. Owing to the number

of cars, and the weight of the train, there was some delay, and the conductor, Mr. Alfred F. Hoppel, finding himself behind time, pushed forward with great rapidity when towards the end of his trip. The regular passenger train for the city left Gwynedd at six o'clock, and reached Camp Hill at six o'clock and eighteen minutes. Finding the excursion train had not yet arrived, Mr. Wm. Vanstavoren, the conductor, determined not to wait for it, and his train was moving along when the expected train came thundering on around a curve, at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. A collision of course ensued with the most appalling conse-

quences. The down train escaped without serious damage, but the scene presented by the excursion train was fearful. The three forward cars of the train were crushed completely to pieces, and the wreck, mingling with that of the locomotive, took fire, and the flames communicated to the other cars of the train. The two next cars after the three that were wrecked outright, took fire, and were entirely consumed. The inmates of the three forward cars were completely mixed up with the wreck, and a large number of them were killed. There were probably fifty persons in each of the three cars, and the lowest estimate fixes the number of killed at



SCENE OF THE DISASTER IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE COLLISION. DRAWN ON THE SPOT BY OUR OWN ARTIST.



ARRANGING THE DEAD IN THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.

fifty while it was feared the dread aggregate would reach one hundred. As soon as the dreadful intelligence reached Philadelphia a car was despatched with all possible speed from the Master street depot, with physicians and other assistance. The excitement at the Willow street and other stations became intense. Excited crowds were eagerly inquiring for the latest intelligence from the scene, while those who had children on the ill-fated train were in the most dreadful condition of suspense. The excitement among the pedestrains, the majority of whom were females, appeared to increase as they reached the Cohocksink station.

The scene is represented as one of the most awful ever witnessed. Of five cars nothing was left standing but the wheels; every bit of wood-work was totally destroyed. A number of the dead were lying in a heap so dreadfully burned that you could not tell whether they were men or women. Among these, as was afterwards ascertained, was the body of the Rev. Mr. Sheridan, priest of St. Michael's church.

Under the ruins the bodies of some fifteen or eighteen persons could be seen. No portion of them could be reached, but their limbs—here a leg protruded and there an arm or a head—could be discovered. The cars could be seen burning for a distance of four miles, and the Chestnut Hill Fire Company hastened to the spot, and by their exertions in extinguishing the flames, served materially in the work of rescuing the dead.

The people around the neighborhood hastened to the dreadful scene, and by every means in their power assisted in the relief of the wounded. Fortunately, there was a quantity of ice and ice cream on the train; this was given to the wounded; it refreshed them greatly. There was but one house in the immediate vicinity, and this was thrown open to the reception of the sufferers. As the train of baggage cars sent up from the city approached the spot the scene beggar'd all description; some from the city, who had friends on the excursion, jumped out before the train stopped, and sought their friends, who, too often, were dead or horribly mutilated. Their shrieks would mingle with those of the dying. Men left their work for miles around, and came to the spot and rendered all the assistance in their power. Many were helping to remove the locomotive, under which were many bodies; the heat was so intense that it was almost impossible to render any assistance to those in the

ruins. In a blacksmith's shop near where the accident occurred nineteen bodies were at one time lying side by side, many awfully disfigured. Under a temporary shed lay eight bodies, so charred by the fire as to be utterly unrecognizable. Near where the collision took place, pieces of human beings were seen mingled in a confused mass with the smoking timbers and bent up and displaced rails. At 2 o'clock, a train consisting of three cars, filled with wounded placed on the seats as comfortably as circumstances would permit, proceeded on to Philadelphia. The horrible scenes in these cars beggar all description. Every conceivable kind and degree of wound was to

be seen, and nothing save agony from the wounded or their afflicted friends and relatives met one's eyes at every turn. The train was run to town quite slowly and carefully, and as it passed along crowds of persons from the road sides and the windows of dwellings on the line of the road gazed mournfully upon the cars and their disastrous freight. Shortly before 3 o'clock the train moved slowly into the Cohocksink dépôt, and it was immediately beset by an anxious, earnest, tearful crowd of men, women and children, who pressed eagerly forward to the doors of the cars, and were kept back with great difficulty.

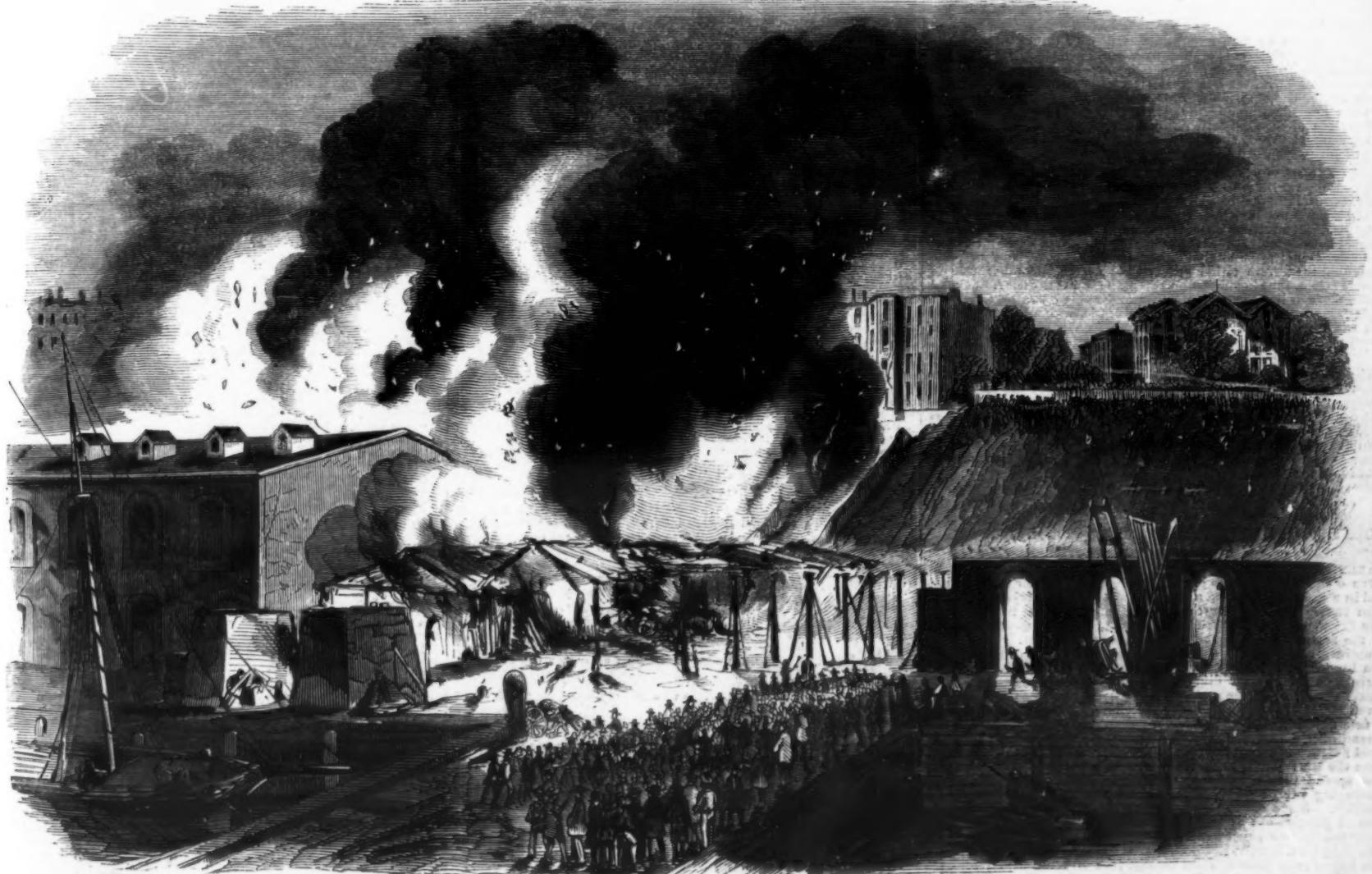
The place where the accident occurred is known as CAMP HILL STATION, fourteen miles from Philadelphia. The road curves twice, so that, at say 500 yards, the approaching locomotives could not be seen by their respective engineers. The ground of the road is "made," an embankment running along for about 100 or 150 yards. This embankment is about twenty-six feet in height. The track is single, and when the locomotives rushed so fatally together they rose on end, their fire boxes nearly touched, the wheels were knocked off, and they turned over, and now lie side by side in the same direction, which is nearly square across the road. Three of the cars of the excursion train caught fire like a flash, and in a very few moments nothing was left of them but the wheels, the other iron work, and a few charred timbers and smouldering pieces of the human frame. There are two hotels, one dwelling house, a blacksmith shop, and a small shed within about 300 yards of the scene, and to these places the wounded were first carried. Not a tree is to be seen for a considerable distance on any side, and the glaring sun beat down upon the dead, the wounded, their rescuers, and their half crazy friends who were flocking to the scene, all running on foot, in wagons, and every species of vehicle that could be procured in the city. Nothing could surpass the genuine heroism so peculiar to all scenes of terror. Every woman who was not herself injured seemed to be attending to some wounded person, or, mayhap, watching a corpse. Every man or boy was willing to give way—to do all he could to relieve the suffering which permeated the whole atmosphere. Not a cry or groan was heard from any one. All seemed to at least bear suffering in silence, if they could do no more. A lady, who was boarding for the summer at an hotel near by, in her mission of



INCIDENT OF THE LADY, GIVING SUCCOR TO AN INFANT FOUND AMONG THE RUINS.



PASSENGERS NOT INJURED RESCUING THE WOUNDED.



DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN FURMAN STREET, UNDER THE HEIGHTS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

mercy found an infant on the ground crying, and with the instinctive goodness of the sex, she immediately opened her bosom and not only sheltered it from further harm, but relieved its hunger. Our paper would scarcely contain a tittle of the details of this calamity, nothing can be done but glance at a few of the most horrid features.

Public opinion seems to settle down in the conviction that all this misery and death is to be attributed to the recklessness of Vandoren the conductor. The excursion train had stopped in front of Fort Washington Hotel, and a moment before his time, by the card table, he called a friend who was eating breakfast to "hurry on board." His friend said, "The up train is not in yet." He replied, "Well, I will go on nevertheless." He hurried his passengers aboard; started off slowly, but had not gone three hundred yards before the collision occurred. He leaped off without sustaining serious injuries, but was almost frantic on witnessing the sad result of his recklessness. That he felt guilty, or if innocent was overwhelmed with despair, is evident from his committing suicide by swallowing arsenic soon after he arrived at Philadelphia.

CEREMONIES AT ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

THE SCENE IN FRONT OF THE CHURCH.

The Rev. Mr. Sheridan, priest of St. Michael's church, was much beloved by his congregation, and his untimely death carried sorrow among a wide circle of friends. His funeral was attended by a large concourse. At an early hour St. Michael's church was surrounded by hundreds of both sexes, all anxious to obtain places within the building, and pressing towards the main gate in front, which was kept closed. At this time the church was comfortably filled, principally with the friends and relatives of the victims of the accident. Shortly after 9 o'clock, four hearses, containing the bodies of victims, drove up, and it was with the utmost difficulty that a passage could be made; the horses had fairly to be driven over the people before they divided and left a space clear. A posse of police soon arrived on the ground, who rendered efficient service in keeping the ground clear. The coffin containing the body of Father Sheridan having been brought out of the parsonage, next door below, was borne into the church, followed by a number of mourners.

IN THE CHURCH.

With some difficulty we made our way into the church, and found the altar draped in mourning, as were the gas burners; six tall wax candles burned before a large picture of the Crucifixion, and other lesser tapers burned before images on the right and left. There were also tapers burning in the main aisle near the altar. Thirty deacons were kneeling within the railing, and the three officiating clergymen were passing up and down an elevated portion of the altar, clothed in black robes richly embroidered in white. Their backs were toward the people, and as they passed the picture of our Saviour, they bowed simultaneously. The coffin of Father Sheridan was permanently placed near the altar, and those of the other victims were laid across the backs of the pews on each side of the main aisle. These coffins contained the remains of persons belonging to the following families: Conlan, O'Neill, O'Brian, Campbell, McIntyre, Woll, and Dugan. The bereaved families occupied the pews nearest to the coffins.

THE SERVICES.

The services had commenced on our arrival, and were participated in by Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Rev. P. Sheridan, Rev. P. O'Brian, of St. Mark's, (deacon,) Rev. John McGovern, of St. Paul's, (sub-deacon.) Thirty deacons were in attendance at the altar. Low masses had been celebrated during the early part of the morning, the high mass was celebrated between 9 and 10 o'clock. The Kyrie Eleison was sung, after which a short interval of prayer followed: then in the same manner the Dies Ite, the Sanctus, Lux Eternam, and Agnus Dei. The oration by Rt. Rev. Dr. Moriarty then followed.

* SCENE DURING THE DELIVERY OF THE DISCOURSE.

During the rendition of the discourse, which was smoothly and gracefully delivered, the audience appeared to listen as to the words of inspiration. At an allusion to the character of the deceased pastor, as a priest, as a comforter of his people, as a benefactor to the neighborhood, low thrills of sobbing passed through the still air of the church like wails; when the orator pictured the priest at the bedside of the sick and children, this dreadful sound intensified, increased in force, though not in loudness, until every heart in the church appeared to be struggling with an emotion two powerful for concealment, and every bosom swelling and sinking with grief. When the death of Father Sheridan was spoken of—"dying as a priest should, at the head of his flock—at his post of duty like a man—prepared as a Christian"—these sounds of grief broke forth again with equal power. We never experienced so general and still an expression of sorrow in our life, and one had to struggle to withstand the current. A number of females were forced to be taken out of church during the delivery of the oration, although the heat was not so intense as it frequently is at similar gatherings. Some confusion also occurred at the arrest of a youthful pickpocket who was caught exercising his vocation while in the main aisle of the building.

CLOSE OF THE PROCEEDINGS IN THE CHURCH.

Dr. Moriarty closed his oration at 10¹/₂ o'clock, when the Offertory and the Libera were sung—ending: "Dies magna, et amara, Valde. Requiem, Eternam, dona eis. Domino et lux perpetua luceat eis." The remains of Father Sheridan were then borne out into the churchyard, amid the greatest efforts of every one within and outside of the church to obtain a last look at all that remains of a pastor who appears to have enjoyed to the fullest extent the love of his people.

THE CROWD OUTSIDE WHILE THE CEREMONIES WERE IN PROGRESS.

As it grew later and less hope of getting into the church remained to the people outside, they grew more anxious and unreasonable. They pushed, and struggled and crowded; hats, bonnets, corns and ribs suffered considerably, while the un pitying sun rained down his beams on all heads indiscriminately. The police at last obtained ropes, and stretching them from either gate passed out to the other side of Second street, thus keeping a narrow path clear of the door. Several fights, more or less violent, occurred, and one or two arrests were made for disorderly conduct. An ecclesiastic, with a book under his arm and a flat cap on, labored earnestly (standing on the church steps) to keep the people quiet, but with only partial success.

THE CLOSE.

The corpse of Father Sheridan having been brought out, preceded by a draped silver crucifix, and followed by the officiating clergymen, was carried through the press and crush around to the side of the churchyard in Jefferson street, and there after prayer was said, was committed to the earth amid as full a demonstration of grief from every man, woman and child who could crowd about the grave, as we had witnessed during the entire morning. The crowd then at about quarter before 11 o'clock began to disperse, talking over the railroad accident, its cause, and the sad and fearful consequences.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN FURMAN STREET, UNDER THE HEIGHTS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

EARLY on Saturday morning, the 19th of July, between two and three o'clock, a fire broke out in Furman street, under the heights, and in a short time caused a fearful destruction of property, no less than twelve dwelling houses and a large quantity of naval stores. The fire was first discovered breaking out of the windows and doors of the store of Seth Robbins, near Montague street. This store contained among other things two hundred barrels of turpentine, two hundred barrels of camphene and rosin, besides a lot of empty barrels, on storage for different parties in New York. The combustible nature of these materials caused the flames to spread with great rapidity, and the contiguous buildings were soon enveloped. A dense black smoke arose which, following the current of the air, spread over a vast distance, and made a singular contrast with the lurid flames and quiet but brilliant moonlight. The flames extended from the store-houses to the dwellings on Furman street, east side, and spread thence down Hall's alley, which leads to the dock, destroying twelve buildings, each one occupied by three or more families. Some of the tenants barely escaped with their lives; several jumped out of the second-story windows. These houses were mostly two stories in height, and all of frame. They were owned by Geo. Baxter, and occupied as follows—On Furman street: No. 139—James Gillen, John Duffey, Ned Bryson, Hugh McDermott, James McLaughlin, Daniel McFeeley, John McDade, Daniel

McColgan. No. 145—Patrick Dougherty, George Williams, Michael McDade. No. 146—Edward Dougherty, Michael McGrady, James Lafferty, John Cassidy, John Lafferty. No. 147—Neil Green, Michael Redden. No. 149—Barney Colgan, Mr. Hartonk, Margaret Colgan. No. 151—Charles Cannon, James Cannon, Pat Green, Capt. Kane. No. 153—Mrs. Burns, John Mehan, Christy Leonard, Wm. Rose. No. 155—John Coughlan, Pat McLaughlin, Joseph Kensi, John Fravis, Michael Flanagan. On Hall's alley: No. 1—George Dougherty, John Barr, James McCann. No. 2—Mrs. McFadden, Mrs. Wheeler. No. 3—Daniel McLaughlin, Mr. Utusel, John Pearse. No. 4—Mrs. Boyle, Barney Green, John McLaughlin, Mrs. Kane. No. 5—The families of Messrs. Vansell, Hunt, Earnest, and Kessler. No. 6—Messrs. McCanna, Peter Clark. These houses were all burned to the ground, the families barely saving themselves. The house occupied by Michael Flanagan was tenanted by five families. In the lower portion was a liquor and grocery store. An old woman in attempting to get out her trunk was badly burned by the falling of the roof, and a young woman who was aiding her was also injured. The old woman was taken in charge by the police. A number of the effects of the sufferers were stolen during the progress of the fire. There were some narrow escapes, but fortunately no one was killed. The loss on Robbins's warehouse and contents is about \$10,000; on the dwellings \$12,000; contents \$5,000. The buildings were insured; the contents were not. The fences and shrubbery belonging to the beautiful residences on the heights were entirely destroyed.

THE LAST OF HIS RACE.—Commenced in No. 7.

CHAPTER XLVI.

That he which serves for gain,
And follows but for form;
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.—SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN the two bushmen quitted the cave and parted, it was with professions of boundless fidelity towards each other, and mutual friendship; professions which neither of them believed, for where guilt is the compact, confidence cannot exist.

"Why should I share the money I am to receive from my wife with Spuggins?" thought Amen Corner, and he shouldered his gun and took his way through the forest, elated with the consciousness of being once more respectably clothed, for he had donned George Chason's clothes. "His advice may be all very well; it is rather too much to pay for it. I might not have intended five, or even ten pounds; but half! half! The worst of it is, there will be no shaking him off, for the fellow is as cunning as a fox, and as dogged as a wolf when once offended."

For some time the amiable speaker continued his walk, silently meditating how to rid himself of his companion without danger from his resentment; and once or twice a sinister smile passed over his cadaverous, haggard features, as some vague scheme presented itself, but hours elapsed before he could decide upon any settled plan to effect his purpose.

His resolution once made, he set himself calmly to work to consider the details.

"All right," he exclaimed, in the tone of a man suddenly awakened from a painful reverie. "Clever as he is, he will never suspect that."

And the wretched man felt almost as much pleasure in the idea of outwitting his comrade as in releasing himself from the promise he had made of sharing the money with him.

By a singular coincidence, the reflections of Bill Spuggins were of a similar character. The promised division of the prize did not satisfy him; his cupidity aimed at all. The plan of getting it, he argued, was entirely of his suggestion; and he could not see why a dull, plodding, sleepy-headed fellow like Amen Corner should reap an equal benefit with himself. He, too, would not have objected to his receiving a few pounds; but half! half! The injustice of such a share haunted him, and he began to feel an intense hatred towards the man to whom he had so lately sworn everlasting friendship and fidelity.

"I ain't a goin' to be robbed by him," he said, speaking aloud, "a pal as ain't no invention. Why he'd a murdered the woman but for me. It would never have struck him how much better it was to treat her like a milch cow, and drain her. I wonder," he added, "how much the silly fool has got for him. I hope it's a hundred or two—perhaps more."

His avarice rose with his suggestions, and he began to think himself an ill-used man by his partner in crime offering only to share with him.

What could he not do in Merky, or even Old England, he thought, with such a sum!

Visions of a small road-side public-house, and Bet in the bar, began to haunt him. To be sure it was a dream which only violence, and perhaps bloodshed, could realize; for he knew the world too well to suppose for an instant that Amen would see the affair in the same light as he did; but when Bill Spuggins began to dream of any project, it was a b.d sign for those who stood in the way of its execution.

Meditating on this subject, he walked at a rapid pace for several hours, till he came at last to a sheep run. The dogs barked loudly at his approach, and the shepherd who was eating his noonday meal under the shade of a tree, looked up.

There is something so fearfully solitary in the lives of this class of men in the bush, that nothing but high wages and abundance of good living can induce any decent person to accept it. Frequently, they pass not only days, but weeks and months, without hearing the sound of a human voice; any wayfarer, therefore, who may cross their track, is sure not only to be welcomed, but pressed to remain and share their ample fare.

It is only against the natives that they feel it necessary to be upon their guard, for which purpose they are generally armed with an excellent rifle. Violence from a European or an Australian colonist is rarely or never heard of. They never have money or anything of value with them, and consequently are not worth the plundering.

On seeing the traveller, the shepherd beckoned him to approach. He was a young man not more than three-and-twenty, with an open cast of features. With simple frankness he invited Bill to share his repast.

"To be sure I will," answered the pickpocket, "for my walk has made me tired."

"Where do you come from?"

"In the neighborhood of the Black Forest. I haven't found any employment as yet."

"That's strange," replied the young man, "for farmer Chason I know wants men, and he is one of the best in this part of the country. But perhaps you don't like a life in the bush?"

"Not much, it is so lonely."

"Well, it is lonely," observed the shepherd, "till you get used to it. But you look like one to whom good pay, and plenty to eat and drink, would be acceptable."

His new acquaintance modestly acknowledged that they were advantages to which he was not insensible; then fixing his eyes upon him, he asked what he considered good pay.

"Twenty to thirty pounds a year, and everything found you."

"Have you been long in the employ?"

"Three years," said the youth, little suspecting the motive of the inquiry.

"I shall have saved a hundred pounds soon, and then I intend to take a run on my own account."

The eyes of his hearer sparkled curiously on receiving the confidence so simply reposed in him.

"Pity," he observed, "that so much money should remain idle."

"It isn't idle. Master places it in the bank at Melbourne for me, and I get interest for it."

Bill's eyes became suddenly dull as lead again, and he grasped the knife which the speaker had just previously lent him to cut a slice of meat with, much less firmly.

It was an opportunity lost, he considered.

"And a very good plan too," he replied; "though sometimes an occasion offers of making a lucky hit when a man has ready cash about him."

"We keep no money in the bush. It might only tempt the natives, who know the value of it. Bless you," continued the young man, "they would murder either you or me for a bottle of rum. We are always obliged to be upon our guard against them. If it wasn't for the dogs we should scarcely venture to sleep."

Spuggins, who had an instinctive perception of character, was not long in deciding that the shepherd had spoken the truth; and he was far too philosophical, in his way, to commit a crime for the mere pleasure of perpetrating it.

Before quitting him he inquired the distance to the next run, and was informed that it was about two miles.

"Then you are not so lonely as you say."

"I never speak with Black Ralph."

"And who is Black Ralph?" demanded Spuggins.

"The shepherd, a convict whom they say was guilty of murdering his own wife, but the jury found it manslaughter, and I'd rather be alone than keep such company; there is nothing like honesty."

"Nothing," repeated his guest; "the scariest thing in the world. For my part I can't imagine what has become of it all. And so you don't like this Ralph?"

"No."

"And very natteral too. Just tell me what sort of a cove he is, that if I fight on him I may skirk him."

"You may easily recognize him," observed the shepherd, "for he wears his beard half down his chest, has a wild sort of look, and talks to himself; not that there is any great harm in it, for I do the same thing at times. When the nights are long, and I have not seen a fellow-creature for weeks, perhaps, the sound of my own voice wakes me up, as it were."

Pretending that he had a long journey before him through the bush, his visitor begged a supply of provisions, which his entertainer cheerfully gave him, and bidding him good speed, saw him start upon his way.

It was not long before Bill approached the run of Black Ralph, from whom he thought it more likely he could obtain what he really required, for he was not so ignorant of rural life as his previous habits might lead our readers to suppose. He discovered the object of his search lying on his back asleep in the sun, his dog, a powerful animal, crouching at his feet to guard him. The animal growled at his approach.

"Whew, good dog, good dog," he cried, whistling to him.

The sound of his voice caused the sleeping man to stir, but not to wake, and Spuggins had time to examine him at his leisure. The features of the unhappy man were haggard and exceedingly pale. There was no mistaking him, for, as his informant had described, he wore his beard halfway down upon his breast. He had just that wild, half savage appearance, both in dress and lineaments, which Salvator Ross would have done justice to had he painted him.

"What a poor forlorn-looking devil it is," thought the ruffian; "I wish he'd wake up."

Ralph evidently was dreaming, for in his sleep he moaned bitterly, and called out once or twice, "Keep your hands down, keep them down."

"Turning king's evidence against himself," said the gazer, with a grin; "he will serve my purpose all the better: nothing like knowing the man you have to deal with; it saves beating about the bushes."

He shouted loudly, and the man, starting up, looked around him for an instant with a vacant, hopeless air, as if unconscious where he was.

"You ain't agoin' to sleep all day, are ye?" said Bill.

"No, no; thank you—thank you."

"Thank me for what?"

"For waking me," replied the shepherd. "I detest sleep, for when I sleep I have dreams—dreams which half drive me mad."

"I never dream," observed the former, philosophically; "don't see the use on 'em. Do you always talk in yours?"

Ralph made no reply.

"Because if you do," continued the speaker, in a jeering tone, "you are quite right to sleep in this out-of-the-way place, where none are likely to hear you. What did you mean by calling to her to keep her hands down. Did you fancy you were murdering some one?"

"No, no!" answered the man, hastily: "but what have you to do with my dreams, or the words I uttered in them? If I have erred, I have paid the penalty. Can't judge me twice."

"I should say not," was the reply. "It's a sad world. We have all our trials. I have had mine, and know what it is. You have a tightish flock here," he added.

"It is a numerous one."

"

"In everything." "And tell me everything?" "Yes, yes."

"What about the 'possum, then?" demanded Spuggins, who saw that in Amen Corner's present state of abject terror he was like a child in his hands, and that he might wind him as he pleased.

"You shall hear all—all," answered the parish clerk.

"And no lies, eh?"

"Not one, Bill; not one."

"Well, then," said the former, "I don't care if I stay, for arter all, I had alays a liking for thee; so sit down by the fire, and take another pull at the bottle; there's just a toothful left. If that bean't a proof of regard, I don't know what is."

The trembling wretch drained the liquor to the last drop before he threw himself upon the ground, where he sat with his eyes fixed upon the blazing embers for several minutes in gloomy silence.

"Spin it out, can't you?" demanded his comrade, impatiently.

"This yes!" said Amen, raising himself; "I will. When I quitted you this morn, I made my way at once through the wood, hungry enough, for we had made short work with the provisions my wife brought me. Well, I am coming to it; just as I reached the valley which lies between the Black Forest and the Abednego Hills, I encountered a traveller on horseback."

"Not your brother-in-law?" interrupted Bill.

"No."

"That's lucky; wouldn't do to shoot him yet! wait till you've got the money."

"As we passed each other," resumed the narrator, "the stranger regarded me narrowly. I had a vague idea that we had met before, but did not feel certain. I cannot tell you what a relief it was when I heard the trot of his horse grow fainter and fainter."

"And very material, too," said his hearer; "but cut on, what about the possum?"

"Bear with me," continued Amen; "I am coming to it. In a few minutes I heard the traveller return. Instinctively my finger sought the trigger of my gun; I turned just as he overtook me and confronted me."

"We have met before," he said; "your name is Amen Corner."

"And what did you do?" demanded Spuggins.

"I fired!" faltered the murderer; "he reeled in his saddle, and fell dead at my feet."

"And served him right, too," exclaimed his companion, after a pause. "Where could he have learnt manners, to go and thrust his acquaintance on a gentleman as didn't want to be known'd? Well, cut along."

"My first impulse was to fly; but having committed the crime, I thought I might as well profit by it."

"And did you profit by it?" eagerly inquired his friend.

"But little; a purse with five pounds in it was all I found upon his person, and this packet of papers."

He drew from his coat-pocket a purse containing the sum he had named, and a small parcel, carefully sealed. The former he tossed to Bill; the latter he began to examine by the light of the fire.

"What a precious boke you are," observed the pickpocket, as he thrust the purse into the flames, after abstracting the money from it; "there, that can never turn king's evidence against us. If you are wise, you will do the same with those things."

He pointed, as he spoke, to the bundle of papers which Amen was busily perusing.

"Not for worlds," exclaimed the assassin. "I know him now. It was for tame sent him in my way. It is independence for the rest of my days," he added, "if once I reach Old England again."

"For the rest of our days, you mean," observed Spuggins, correcting him.

"Yes! yes! our days."

"Then why didn't you say so? You can be *particular* enough sometimes," muttered the ruffian. "Are you sure there was nothing else on him?"

"I had not time," replied Amen Corner, "to ransack his person further, for I heard shots fired at a distance—doubtless hunters in the forest—so I fled; not so quickly, I fear, but they saw me. I turned and dodged like a fox, and distanced them long before I reached the cave," he added. "Thank Heaven, I am safe here."

"Of course you are," observed his confederate; "you don't suppose I'm again to split, do you?"

Amen protested that he had no such suspicion.

"Or want to do you any harm?"

"You would get nothing by it, Bill, if you did," was the reply.

"Well, well," said the latter, "it ain't no question of that, but just tell me what's them papers about? And no lies," he added, for with his usual cunning, he saw that the question embarrassed his confederate.

"It's a long tale."

"I like long tales; spin away."

"It must be some other time," replied the ex-parish clerk; "they concern one whom we both hate, and one who is well able to reward us for our silence, or putting him in possession of them."

"Ah!" exclaimed Bill. "That Squire Roderick Hastings I've heard you so often let on about. He's a queer one."

"Right! You shall know all at a future moment."

With this promise his confederate either was or affected to be satisfied. Perhaps the conviction that the documents themselves would very soon be in his possession, tended to allay his impatience and curiosity. At all events, he had the clue where to dispose of them in the event of his reaching England, and that was enough. Had he been able to read, he would at once have insisted upon seeing them.

"This is the night you are to meet your wife," he said, "and as it's a good step to Hope Farm, we may as well be on the move; for the money once in hand, the shorter our stay here the better."

Amen Corner assented, and was about to reload his rifle when the speaker laid his hand upon his arm and restrained him.

"What mean you?" demanded the former.

"I mean that you ain't to be trusted. I know what a man is when he has once tasted blood. It's like a hair of the dog that bit you, requires a second dose to cool the narves, as they calls 'em. There must be no violence to the woman," he added; "it ain't safe."

"Curse her!" muttered Amen. "Curse her!"

"Advice is thrown away upon some people," observed his companion.

"Spread it; spread it!"

CHAPTER XLVII.

Conscience, it makes man a coward. A man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie, but it detects him.—SHAKESPEARE.

THE same feverish impatience which induced the two felons to quit their place of concealment brought them at least an hour before the appointed time to Hope Farm, whose inmates, with the exception of Martha and the faithful servant, Mary Chells, had long since retired to rest. When within half a mile of the house, Bill Spuggins separated from his companion, whom he once more cautioned not to give way to violence.

"I know it's hard," he said, "when the blood is raised, and one has a weapon so invitingly in his hand; but recollect my policy—spread it."

Amen promised, and in a few minutes found himself alone. Stained as he was with crime, his soul till that day had been free from blood, and he felt that nameless terror creeping over him which in solitude and silence the murderer feels. He would have given worlds, had they been his to give, to have recalled the act; but that was impossible. The past—the memorable past—with its train of consequences, stared him in the face; and so hideous were the *remp* of his excited imagination, that he all but saw the gibb' gloom him, and felt the hangman's grasp upon his throat. From every *imp* of trees he passed, a pale, reproachful face appeared to mock him; whilst the wind, which played amongst their branches, echoed in his ears! a death-groan.

"I can't stand this," he muttered. "My nerves are not of n. I would I were once more in England. I might forget it there."

His first impulse was to recall Bill; even his companionship appeared preferable to the terrors of solitude; but a sense of shame prevented him. He knew the mocking devil in the ruffian's nature, and shrank from rousing it.

"He would only laugh at me," he thought, "and that might breed ill blood between us. I dare not quarrel with him, for I am in his power."

More than once he asked himself how far he had been wise to trust him with his secret,—what pledge he had to pin his faith on for his fidelity; and the answer was, none, none. Bill, he knew, would sell him with as little remorse into the hands of offended justice as he had formerly experienced when exercising his old craft of picking pockets, provided he could do it with safety to himself.

"Would he were dead!" he muttered; "would he were dead!"

Then the reflections which he had made on the folly of sharing the money which he was about to obtain from his wife returned to him with redoubled force, and he regretted that it was not Spuggins' brains he had scattered in the wood, instead of the stranger's.

The thought of how retired a spot the cave was; how unlikely a body would be found there, next presented itself: it was but a blow, and a blow would rid him of many fears.

No wonder he decided on striking it.

Impenetrably, Amen had continued his walk till he stood in front of the farm-house. He stopped and gazed upon it with feelings akin to those with which the fiend may be supposed to have regarded Heaven, from which he was driven. Shelter, food, warmth were there; those he hated enjoyed them; whilst he was banished from all.

"Curse them!" he exclaimed, shaking his clenched hand in impotent rage, "curse them. I will bring misery upon them yet."

At one time he thought of firing the house, of consigning to the devouring flames the inmates, and the garnered store of wool and corn; but the selfish consideration that he would forfeit by such an act of madness all chance of obtaining the means of escape to England restrained him. At such a price revenge became too expensive a luxury, so he continued to curse and gnash his teeth with fury.

Impelled by his passions, the wretched man approached the house, round which he glided like an evil spirit, pausing to listen at every door, and peering in at each window. All was still, not a breath could he hear.

"They sleep," he said, "whilst I watch like a wolf around the fold. No sleep for me!"

At last he came to a large window on the ground floor—it was that of the bedroom in which our hero slept. By the light of the moon, which was shining brightly, Amen Corner could distinguish his manly form, but not the features. At first the idea struck him that it was George Chason, and he grasped his gun convulsively—fortunately it was not charged.

"The fiends," muttered the assassin, "are in league against me. Idiot that I was to be persuaded not to load my rifle—revenge so near, and yet to be baffled!"

For some time he remained with his face glued against the casement, till at last he was enabled to distinguish objects more distinctly.

"No, no," he repeated several times to himself. "It is not George; his hair is light, that of the sleeper is dark—dark as my prospects."

An idea suddenly struck him. "Can it be Dick?" he exclaimed. "Were I but assured that he were lying before me, I'd—. It must," he added; "the papers I took from the stranger confirm it. He has sought his supposed father in Australia; he shall find a grave."

The ruffian felt eagerly in his pocket for the means to charge his weapon; he found them, was in the act of deliberately loading his rifle, when a hand was placed upon his. He turned, Martha stood pale as ashes by his side, but not alone or unprotected; for, warned by his brutal conduct on the last interview, she had taken the precaution of bringing the bloodhounds with her.

"You here?" he exclaimed.

"In time to save you from another crime," replied his wife, mournfully.

"Nay, do not start or grasp your weapon; I am past fear. These faithful guardians will be quicker than the hand or eye of hate."

"Monster! would you set them on your own husband? Is this your duty and affection, hypocrite?"

"I would set them upon you," answered the woman, with desperate calmness, "with as little remorse as I would upon a tiger or any other ferocious beast, ere you should harm a hair of him who sleeps in that chamber."

"It is Dick!"

"It is."

"Liar!" said the ruffian; "you swore you had not seen him since you quitted England, and I, like a fool, believed you."

The manner in which the words came hissing through his clenched teeth showed the intensity of his hatred to the unoffending youth whom he had so cruelly treated.

"When I told you so," continued his wife, "I spoke the truth. This is the second night he has slept beneath our roof. But I came not to speak of him, it was to warn you—to give you the means of flying from the pursuit which soon will be set on foot. The colonists have taken alarm at the presence of the bush-rangers. In a few days they will assemble to hunt you like beasts of prey."

"They must find us first," observed her husband.

"With such guides they can scarcely fail," observed Martha, at the same time pointing to the hounds who, with their eyes fixed upon Amen, lay crouching at her feet, ready to spring upon him at the slightest signal.

The murderer shuddered as his bloodshot eyes encountered theirs. He knew their terrible instinct; and the recollection of the crime he had so lately committed appalled him.

"There is the money," continued the speaker, "and O let me entreat you to use it wisely! In some distant land you may hide the shame of your past life, and pursue a course of honest industry. Should you do so—as I pray heaven you may—and the recollection of the woman whose happiness you have blighted rise to reproach you, it may be some consolation to know that she forgives you."

"Curse your forgiveness; how much money is there?" demanded the wretch.

Started by the elevated tone in which he spoke, one of the hounds gave a fierce growl.

"One hundred pounds."

"It ain't enough," observed her husband, lowering his voice.

"It is all I have to give you, Amen," answered his wife, placing the purse which contained it in his hand; "and now, farewell for ever: your fate is in your own hands. I have done all I can do to save you. One word of caution," she added, "before I depart. Do not attempt to approach that window again."

"And why not?"

"Because I shall place the dogs there," said Martha, calmly; "they will not stir from the spot, and woe to him who advances near it. May you repent and be forgiven!"

So saying she retraced her steps to the back of the house, but not till she had made the hounds lie down before the window of the room in which our hero was sleeping. The sagacious brute seemed perfectly to comprehend her, for both remained as motionless as though they had been chiselled in marble.

Dick had been better guarded than Amen Corner supposed; for even whilst he was gazing on the object of his hatred through the window, a dog of the same breed, who had followed our hero to his chamber, had been watching him, ready to spring upon him at the least alarm or show of violence.

"Well, how have you come off?" demanded Bill Spuggins, as his companion rejoined him at the spot they had appointed to meet.

"Baffled!" replied Amen; "and by a woman."

"Aye! You ain't the first as has been baffled by a woman," was the philosophic observation of the pickpocket. "It's often been my case. No tin, I suppose; the old story."

"You mistake; I have obtained the money."

The eyes of his hearer sparkled curiously; so curiously that had the speaker caught their expression he might not have felt quite so secure in his fidelity.

"What, the hundred pounds?"

Amen nodded in the affirmative.

"Well, you are lucky! What do you mean by being baffled?"

"My enemy—the man I most hate lay sleeping within my reach," said the ex-parish clerk, "and yet I dared not strike."

"Well, that was provoking!"

"My rifle, too, thanks to you, was unloaded!"

Bill shrugged his shoulders.

"My wife was accompanied by those accursed bloodhounds," continued the ruffian, "who looked as if they longed to tear me in pieces, and they would have done it had she said the word."

"And very considerate on her she didn't say it," observed Spuggins; "my Bet would have done it in a brace of shakes, and no mistake; but some men never know when they are well off. We have got the money. Melbourne is only a good day's tramp. In forty-eight hours we may be on board."

"Without revenge," muttered Amen Corner, "without revenge!"

"Spread it," said Bill, "spread it."

The speakers walked the rest of the way to the cave in silence, each pondering in his mind the murderous project of ridding himself of his companion. Their first care on reaching their place of concealment was to heap fresh wood on the expiring embers, which soon sent forth a cheerful blaze.

"This is what I call comfortable," observed Spuggins, as he threw himself upon the ground beside the fire. "Why, what are you up to?" he added, seeing Amen busily occupied with his rifle.

"Can't you see I am loading my gun?"



EDITORIAL ROOMS.

HOW ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS ARE MADE.

Few persons, however well informed regarding literary and artistic matters, understand clearly the distinction between a pictorial paper and an illustrated newspaper. The first—the pictorial paper—is merely the medium of presenting to the public pictures, whose merits consist in their abstract attractiveness, without regard to the passing events of the day. A pictorial paper, therefore, gives literally nothing but pictures. An illustrated newspaper, on the contrary, not only furnishes its weekly gallery of art, but gives the current news, thus bringing the genius of the pencil and the pen promptly to illustrate the recorded event. Our present number is a most excellent illustration of our idea. On Saturday last a conflagration of unusual interest occurred in Brooklyn; not only is the event noticed

in our paper, with prepared description from the pen, but one of our most accomplished artists was early at the scene, and has made it permanent as a graphic picture. Within the last week have occurred the appalling accidents near Philadelphia and on Lake Erie.

These things are the news of the day; our paper contains ten illus-

trative pictures, drawn from nature, and adding their charms and

their horrors to the letter-press description peculiar to papers not

illustrated. Our readers will therefore perceive with what rapidity

the artists' labors and the engravers' work must be brought into re-

quisition, and also form some idea of the certainty with which each

must do their work, and the necessary extra expense attending such

rapid execution. To bring to the eye with perfect accuracy the great

and novel events, notable localities, and portraits of persons in whom

the public have an interest, is a task that affords a pleasure second

only to an actual view or a personal reconnaissance. An illus-

trated newspaper, if it fulfills its mission, must have its employees

under constant excitement. There can be no indolence or ease

about such an establishment. Every day brings its allotted and Her-

culean task, and night affords no respite.

The only way an illus-

trated newspaper is published at all, is by a most

ingenious division of labor, total regardlessness of expense, and a directing head to the whole concern,

not only possessed of more than usual business capacity, but also

perfect in the generally inconsistent quality of a

perfect knowledge of art, and all the practical de-

tails necessary not only to

produce pictures and en-

gravings, but also a per-

fect knowledge of the me-

chanical appliances by

which they are created.

Our readers must im-

agine a vast publishing

house, composed of many

departments, each filled

almost to overflowing with editors, engravers, artists, compositors,

pressmen, clerks, newsboys, and others perfectly acquainted

with the reporter's calling. An edition of the paper is to be

produced—the manner we will endeavor to give: In the first

place, there is a corps of editors, whose duties are divided up

between editorials and general subjects, and matter particularly

descriptive of the engravings, searching the mails for general news,

condensations of the events of the week,—theatrical and musical

criticisms giving constant employment to seven or eight persons.

Information is received that an accident has occurred, or that some

great mass meeting or other event will take place. Immediately one or

more artists are dispatched to the point of interest, and by long ex-

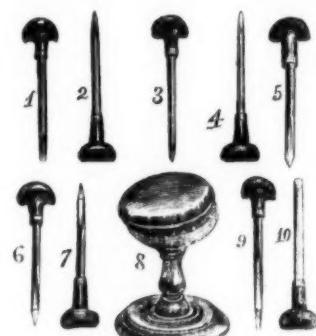
perience hasty sketches are made that are to be elaborated when

put on the wood, which is the next stage of their advancement. The

wood used is that known as "Boxwood," so much a favorite as a

shrub in our gardens, but which in Turkey expands by slow growth

into a tree with a trunk of a few inches in diameter. This valuable



ENGRAVERS' TOOLS.

product is nearly as hard as flint, and can be cut with great precision. From the diminutive size natural to its growth, it is only possible to produce pieces large enough for the purposes of an illustrative paper by joining innumerable small bits together and fastening them by screws on the back of the block, as will be seen by the engraving. The art required to perform this apparently simple mechanical process cannot be understood except by those directly engaged in the business, or by those who have to use the wood to print from after it is engraved. The block of wood having been selected, and the "travelling artists" having supplied the subject, other artists again are employed in putting the design on the block, which when done is one of the most beautiful works of art without color that can be imagined. The hour of publication is near at hand, and here we have a two-page picture to be engraved, which cannot be completed by a single hand after *several days of hard labor*. What is to be done? The screws which hold the small parts of the wood together are unloosened, and the block is divided into ten or twenty parts. Upon

each there is but the fragment of the drawing; one has a little bit of sky, another a group of children cut in two in the middle; another, part of a house; another a trunk of a tree; another is covered with foliage. Ten or fifteen engravers now seize these fragmentary pieces, and work night and day; not a moment is lost; they silently and industriously pursue their work, and the surfaces of the several blocks are cut away save where they are marked by the image of the artist's pencil, and we have left the surface which makes the impression on our paper known as a wood engraving. The engravers' tools are very few in number, and very simple in construction. They are called: 1, flat tool; 2, 3, 4 and 5, gravers; 6 and 7, tint tools; 8, sand-bag and stand on which the block is laid; 9, scraper; 10, chisel—and cost comparatively but a small sum; yet with these simple tools the engraver, with an incomprehensible certainty to the spectator, runs through the complicated outlines of the innumerable forms which make up the pictures of our weekly edition, displaying a skill of handling to our notions as wonderful as the touch of the artist himself. Leaving the engravers at their work, we will step into the familiar printing-office.

The first thing that attracts our attention is an immense steam-engine, whose piston-rod quietly, as if marking the breathing of some huge monster, sets all the complicated wheels in motion. There is no noise; all is expressive of silence and power. The huge fly-wheel which rolls steadily round as if it were a ring of Saturn, and the "governor," as if possessed of absolute intelligence, elevates and depresses its arms, managing thus wise the steam, and controlling its influence upon the useful machinery. In old Franklin's time the straining muscle of the human arm performed this useful labor, but now the genius of Watt and Fulton has caught the elements, and made them willing servants to do this menial service.

The compositors' rooms are next in order of interest. It is here that the manuscript from the editorial rooms reach the printers, who proceed at once to put it in type.

It is first set up, then read by copy, and generally revised by the author, who frequently finds an opportunity to improve a period or correct an error, which he would not have noticed in the miserable scrawl which he hands in as his editorial matter. Throughout our great city, so far as newspapers are concerned, a large share of the labor of type-setting is done at night, and yet printers, becoming accustomed to late hours, generally enjoy equal health with those who retire at more seasonable times, and who do not by necessity turn night into day. The "matter" being up, the next order is to put it in the "form," which in an illustrated paper is more difficult than in any other. Originally it is "composed" in columns

exactly suited to the paper; but a casual glance at the different sizes of the wood-cuts will explain how it is that the same type has to be re-arranged, so as to meet the many differences in the size of the engravings. This work, which is very difficult, is called "over-running," and gives additional expense to the publisher of illustrated sheets. The "form," however, is finally "made up," and is carried into the "press-room," a department in a printing office which especially attracts the notice of visitors. The highest mechanical ingenuity is brought into requisition to create a "cylinder press," one of which will quietly perform the labor of many hands; and do it with a neatness and dispatch impossible to be obtained in any other way. In forms put upon the press filled with engravings is used what is termed an "overlay," the construction of which requires much experience. An impression is taken of each engraving on thick paper, and then they are laid upon a table, and by a sharp knife all the white parts of the picture are removed; when this is done, the dissected picture is put upon the cylinder of the press in such a way as to make unusual pressure upon the engraving, or especial parts of it, while being printed. It is in this way that such brilliant effects are often produced. Were this otherwise, the pictures would come up with the same even tone, so peculiar and so beautiful to solid columns of type.

The paper once printed, innumerable rolls, containing a hundred each, are now distributed to the news agents, by them to be sent to the different literary depots throughout the entire country, while other hundreds are taken to the packing room to be put in wrappers, marked with subscribers' names, and then to be sent to the Post-office for distribution. Meanwhile, those important attaches to every New York newspaper establishment—the newsboys—are clamoring in crowds around the door of the publication office, fighting and wrangling for the first supply. Having obtained their wishes, they mechanically start off on a run, and keep up a yell, well calculated to split the ears of pedestrians. So entirely absorbed do these urchins become in their vocation, that they can often be seen hallooing their "wares" along an entire block of buildings in which every house is closed and not a possible purchaser in sight. If they pass under a dead wall they still keep up the cry "*'Ere is Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, 'ere they is.'*" But too much cannot be said in favor of the newsboys; they are an enterprising class of juveniles, and acquire a remarkable sharpness while engaged in their employment. Some few are economical, and support aged mothers or helpless brothers and sisters, but the majority "live fast," lighting the candle of life at both ends. An old newsboy is a rarity not yet exhibited at Barnum's Museum.

Our space will not permit us to go into that elaborate description we should desire to inform the public of the vast expense and mental artistic labor required to get out what can properly be termed an *Illustrated Newspaper*. Our beautiful illustrations will more than compensate for our omissions. No business combines within itself so many difficult ele. cts to control; and from the first conception of our weekly issue, where the subjects of representation are still in the brain, through every rati. fication of their progress to the completed sheet, a constant supervis. is not only necessary, but the master-spirit must be accomplished in a thousand apparently inconsistent things. He must combine the rarest business talent with the most intense knowledge of every department of art; he must be mechanical and poetical—practical to the last degree, yet full of enthusiasm and poetry. It is all these varied qualifications, so difficult to find in one person, that has made the experiment of illustrated papers in this country heretofore a failure, but with Mr. Leslie the case is different. The finest living practical engraver himself, acquainted with every degree of power that can be produced upon wood—perfectly *au fait* in the knowledge of every material used in getting out his sheet, from the broom that sweeps the printing office up through every department



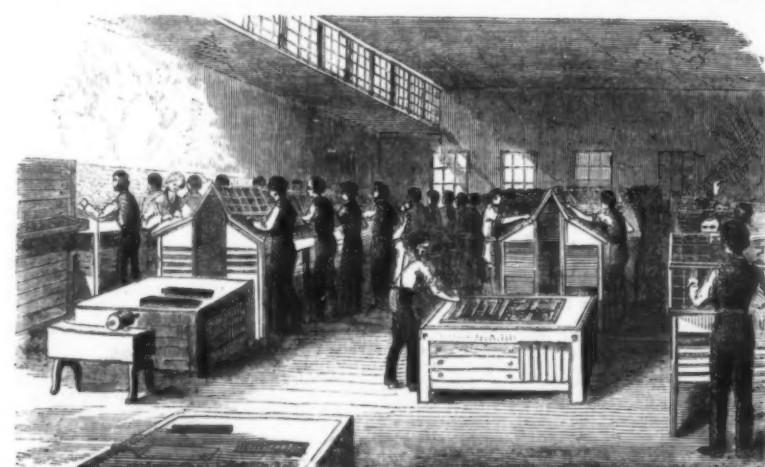
PREPARING BOXWOOD FOR ENGRAVINGS.



ENGRAVERS' ROOM.



ARTIST PUTTING A PICTURE ON THE WOOD.



COMPOSING ROOM.



PRINTER AT HIS STAND.



ENGINE ROOM ATTACHED TO THE PRINTING OFFICE.

necessary to complete his magnificent paper, he can combine economy in details, yet readily be extravagant when outlay is demanded. From long experience in his business, and an intimate knowledge of every part of the Union, he has established an unrivaled corps of artist correspondents, and has folios groaning with magnificent views of all the cities and distinguished places of the thirty-one States, ready to be used at any moment: so that no great event can happen, no accident take place—nothing can occur throughout the broad land of which Mr. Leslie in some way has not anticipated the locality, and half performed the labor in advance of getting out an illustration.

The amount of capital necessary to carry on an Illustrated News-

paper is enormous; hundreds and thousands of dollars are frequently expended, for which no return is received in months. The rapidity which is necessary to get out the engravings often enhances the expenses four-fold, and the artists, engravers, and printers, already exhausted by their labors, are compelled to renewed exertion, by the only possible reward—extra pay. The result of all this mental care and business anxiety is before the public. One volume of the illustrated paper is already completed, the second one is rapidly extending its circulation, and from every quarter comes the cheering intelligence that Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper is becoming a necessity for public libraries, and a friend that cannot be dispensed

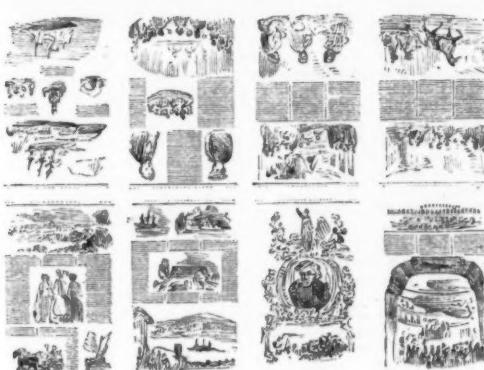
and is also respectably connected. They commenced their courtship in November, 1854; and after two months spent in making love, the 1st of January, 1855, was fixed upon as the wedding day. Great preparations were made for the important event by the young lady and her family. A sumptuous dinner was provided, and numbers of friends of both parties were invited. The license was purchased, the clergyman was engaged, and in short every arrangement was considered complete. On the appointed day Miss Flagg and her friends proceeded to the church where the ceremony was to be performed, but Mr. Ewing had not yet arrived. They waited for two hours, and he still came not. Messengers were dispatched in search of him, and in due time they returned with intelligence that he was nowhere to be found; in fact, that he had left for parts unknown. No cause was assigned for this strange proceeding. The girl's character was unimpeachable, and no conjecture could be made as to what had induced him so suddenly to change his intentions. Of course the young lady was deeply affected by such ungenerous conduct. But nothing was heard of her truant lover for several months. At length it was stated that he had gone to the United States. This was the substance of the case for the plaintiff, as stated by her counsel. The defence was a singular one. The defendant's counsel denied that he had ever been guilty of a breach of promise; that he loved the young lady intensely, and that his love had never changed; that he had engaged to marry her, and that he was still prepared to carry his engagement into effect. He avoided allusion as much as possible to the vagary which seized him on the day named for his marriage, but

stated that any time subsequently he was ready and willing to take her as his wedded wife, if he had only been asked to do so; but he had never been asked, and consequently he did not think fit to offer.

POWER OF CONSCIENCE.—A MAN VOLUNTARILY GOES TO THE PENITENTIARY.—Our readers will generally remember the case of Sidney V. Howard, the interesting and pious young gentleman who so ingratiated himself with some of our best citizens that he secured a position in the State Bank, whereby he was enabled to steal some fourteen hundred dollars. He was hunted with a good deal of energy and perseverance for some months, but he managed to elude all efforts to capture him. The affair has lost some of its brilliance by time, and the more dazzling financial operations of young May, but it will be recalled upon our mention of it. Well, this interesting young gentleman is here in jail, and expects to see a very good time in the penitentiary; and what is strange, is here by his own act. The history of this rather unusual case is about this: In the apprehension that he was being pursued, he travelled nearly over the whole country, sometimes, he says, in the very cars with those hunting for him, and after nearly two years of this unhappy life, went to St. Paul, Minnesota. Worn out with dread, he went to the Marshal of the Territory and told his case, and asked to be arrested. The officer remonstrated, told him he had no authority to make an arrest, that the affair was forgotten, and if he intended to make his remorse good for anything, he had better set to work and earn the money he had criminally got and spent, and pay the bank and those he had swindled; that would be better every way than going to the penitentiary. But Howard was resolute to be arrested. The officer

wrote to this city, and a requisition was procured, upon which he was brought here on Thursday afternoon. We believe an indictment is pending against him for his larceny. P. S. We learn that Howard was sent to the penitentiary on Saturday for two years. He pleaded guilty.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

THREE PERSONS POISONED BY A SURGICAL OPERATION.—It is our duty to record one of the most sad, and at the same time singular occurrences that has ever come within the sphere of our observation, which has already resulted in the death of two of the parties



A CUT "FORM."

with at the fireside. The future will show evidence of an increased desire on the part of the publisher to deserve success, while he is encouraged with the knowledge that his paper is no longer an experiment, but a permanent institution ranking among the most costly and most useful enterprises of the country. So much for the creation of Illustrated Newspapers.



A TYPE "FORM."

A SINGULAR CASE OF BREACH OF PROMISE.—A rather singular case of breach of promise has been tried before Judge Smith, in Montreal. The plaintiff was a Miss Lydia Flagg, and the defendant, Mr. Francis Ewing. Both parties lived in the parish of Henrysville, Lower Canada. The defendant is a farmer of considerable wealth and respectability. The plaintiff is a farmer's daughter,

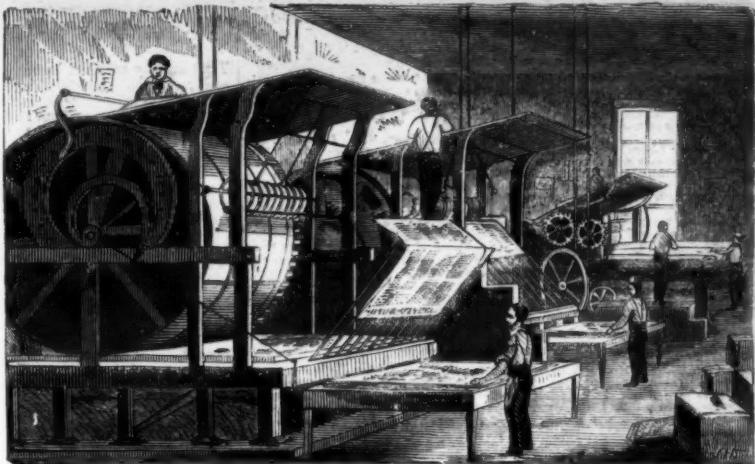
and is also respectably connected. They commenced their courtship in November, 1854; and after two months spent in making love, the 1st of January, 1855, was fixed upon as the wedding day. Great preparations were made for the important event by the young lady and her family. A sumptuous dinner was provided, and numbers of friends of both parties were invited. The license was purchased, the clergyman was engaged, and in short every arrangement was considered complete. On the appointed day Miss Flagg and her friends proceeded to the church where the ceremony was to be performed, but Mr. Ewing had not yet arrived. They waited for two hours, and he still came not. Messengers were dispatched in search of him, and in due time they returned with intelligence that he was nowhere to be found; in fact, that he had left for parts unknown. No cause was assigned for this strange proceeding. The girl's character was unimpeachable, and no conjecture could be made as to what had induced him so suddenly to change his intentions. Of course the young lady was deeply affected by such ungenerous conduct. But nothing was heard of her truant lover for several months. At length it was stated that he had gone to the United States. This was the substance of the case for the plaintiff, as stated by her counsel. The defence was a singular one. The defendant's counsel denied that he had ever been guilty of a breach of promise; that he loved the young lady intensely, and that his love had never changed; that he had engaged to marry her, and that he was still prepared to carry his engagement into effect. He avoided allusion as much as possible to the vagary which seized him on the day named for his marriage, but

stated that any time subsequently he was ready and willing to take her as his wedded wife, if he had only been asked to do so; but he had never been asked, and consequently he did not think fit to offer.

He was impatient to be asked all the time to name the happy day, and he thought it strange that which he had never been asked to do. Such was his defence, and it was urged with a pathetic air of injured innocence; but it had little weight with either Judge or Jury, and he was finally cast in \$250 damages, being exactly half the sum the young lady claimed.—*Toronto Colonist*.

INDORSING A BANK BILL.—A gentleman writes to the Hartford *Courant* that about a year ago, while engaged in counting over money, he carelessly put his name on the back of a twenty-dollar bill. A son of Erin came into his office a few days since with the bill, and said he had come from East Hartford, to get gold from the indorser. The gentleman looked in the Bank Note Reporter, and found the bank had suspended payment, and was obliged to give the man a good bill for it.

A disastrous fire occurred in Brooklyn, July 19, involving the destruction of a quantity of naval stores and twelve dwelling houses.



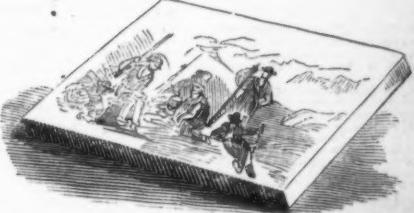
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THE NEWS BOYS.



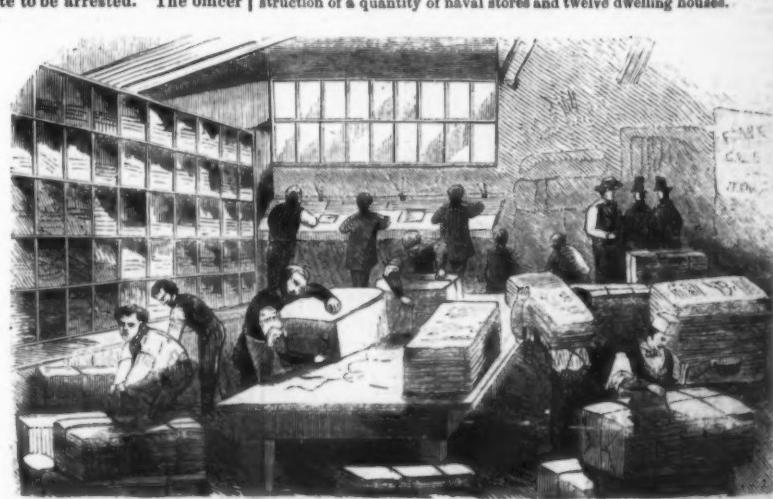
READING PROOF.



AN ENGRAVING ON THE WOOD.



PREPARING THE PAPER FOR THE MAILED.



PACKING UP THE PAPER FOR NEWS AGENTS.

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Chess Column.—The Editor would be happy to see any of his chess friends at his residence, No. 47 West Twenty-seventh street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, on Saturday evenings. During the Summer vacation he will then "keep open house" to the fraternity, and hold himself in readiness to break a lance with all comers. This invitation is designed to embrace strangers as well as acquaintances.

To the Editor.—Sir: I have been much gratified at seeing your Newspaper every week, and I can assure you that it is well patronized in this province. Your chess articles are excellent—the problems scarcely inferior to any I have examined, and the games display considerable chess talent; a queen's gambit, won by Mr. Marache in his match with Mr. Perrin, would not lose much in comparison with some of the greatest masters.

Inclosed you will receive a game which affords a fair specimen of New Brunswick chess skill, although I do not consider it strong enough for your columns, but offer it as a feeble contribution from a friend who has no place to publish it elsewhere.

Will you be kind enough to inform me, through the medium of your paper, where in New York I can procure the club-size Staunton chess-men in ebony and box-wood, also the London Chess-player's Chronicle? I remain yours, obediently,

CHARLES W. CRADOCK.

Your first query is answered below. Straggling copies of the old series of the Chronicle may be picked up here and there, but a complete set can only be procured by direct importation. They are scarce and valuable. Mr. G. Hammond, of Boston Mass., had a set for sale, but we do not know whether he will now part with them. They are not likely to be specially imported, as they are not on general sale. We will look at the game inclosed.

New Style of Chess-men.—Messrs. R. Bainbridge & Co., 47 Cliff street, are getting up a new style of chess-men, at our suggestion, and after a composite pattern selected by ourselves. It is designed to have them light, graceful, harmonious in proportion, readily distinguishable, and moderate in price. If the artisan fashions them to our liking, they will be called "Staunton men"—but not unless, in our judgment, they are superior to the "Staunton men."

La Régence.—We have received the sixth number—but not the fifth—of this excellent Parisian chess-periodical. As we preserve the file for binding, the editor will confer a favor by forwarding the missing number.

AMERIQUE, July, 1856.

Dear Sir: The inquiry is sometimes made, in chess circles, "Is a problem which admits of two solutions, necessarily defective?" I should reply, that if each solution involve a subtlety of play sufficient for a problem, the double feature should be doubly welcomed. It is certainly much harder to combine two elements of chess strategy in one position, than to treat them separately. You must judge whether the inclosed position will answer as an illustration.

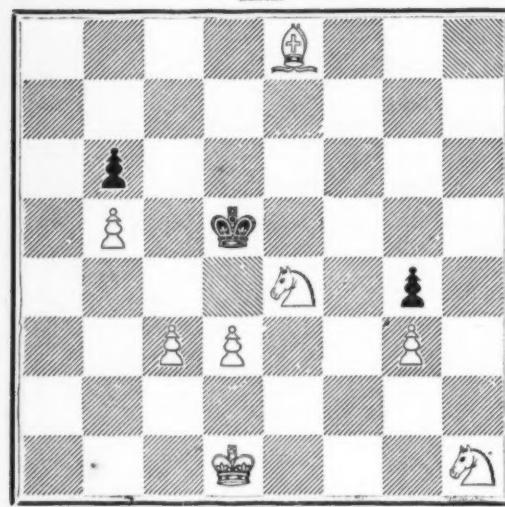
W. T. J.

We refer your letter to Eugene B. Cook and D. Julian, Esq., (who hold opposite opinions in regard to it,) for argument, reserving our "thunder" for the summing up.

To the Chess Editor.—"X. Y. Z." sends what was a flat, but is now, as Webster said of Faneuil Hall, "open." [Thank you! Ed.]

PROBLEM XXXIV.—By J. A. P., Salem, Mass. White to play and mate in five moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

CHESS IN LONDON.

GAME XXXIV.—Continuation of the games by consultation. **MESRS. STAUNTON AND BARNES VERSUS MESSRS. LOWENTHAL AND FALKNER.** (RUY LOPEZ KNIGHT'S GAME.)

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Messrs. S. and B.	Messrs. L. and F.	Messrs. S. and B.	Messrs. L. and F.
1 P to K 4	15 K B to Q 3 (e) Q takes Kt sq (f)	Q to Kt Kt sq (f)	
2 Kt to K B 3	16 P to K 5 P takes P	Kt to K B 2	
3 K B to Q Kt 5	17 Q P takes P	Kt to K B sq	
4 P to Q B 3	18 Q B to Q B 5 (g) K to K 2		
5 Castles	19 B takes B	R takes B	
6 P to Q 4	20 Kt to K 4	Q to Q B 2	
7 P takes P	21 K to R sq (h) Q to Kt K 3		
8 R Kt to K sq (b) K B to K 2	22 Q to K R 5 (i) Q Kt to Q 5		
9 P to K B 4	23 Q Kt to K B 6 (h) P takes Kt		
10 Q B to K 3	24 P takes P	R to K 3 (l)	
11 Q Kt to Q B 3	25 Q to K R 6	R takes K B P	
12 R to K B 4 (c) Q to K B sq (d)	26 Q takes R	Kt to K 3	
13 P to Q R 3	27 P to K B 5		
14 Q R to Q B sq	P to Q B 3	And black resigned.	

NOTES TO GAME XXXIV.

(a) Foreign players generally think highly of this defence; to it appears unsatisfactory from its affording the opening player such time for the development of his forces.

(b) That white can afford to retreat this Kt and thus secure the unopposed advance of their K pawn so early in the game, is a striking proof of the inadequacy of black's defence.

(c) Far better than precipitating the attack by marching on with the centre pawns. At present it's a dead loss; while those on the opposite side are, move by move, becoming more formidable.

(d) A position must be had indeed which affords no better move than this; and this we take to be the best black has on the board.

(e) White have now quite enough. The pieces are well combined and admirably disposed, and they await only the proper moment to advance with an effect which must be irresistible.

(f) An apprehension of the enemy playing their Kt to Q 5 or Q Kt 5.

(g) Taking the bishop would merely lead to an exchange of pieces, by which black must have been benefited.

(h) To avoid the threatened check of the adverse queen.

(i) Q to K Kt 4 would have been almost equally decisive. For example:

22 Q to K Kt 4 Q Kt to Q 5, or *
(If 22 K to R sq, then follows 22 P to K B 5)
23 Kt to K B 6 (ch)
24 Q to K R 4—and white must win.

* 22 Q to K R 4—and white must win.

23 Q Kt to K B 6 (ch)
24 Q to K R 4
25 Kt takes Kt—and white have a winning advantage.

(b) Sound and conclusive.

(i) If 24 K R takes Kt
25 Q R takes Kt to K 5
And black may resign.

Smartish Game between M. ST. AMANT, the celebrated French player, and Captain G.—(SICILIAN OPENING).

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Capt. G.	M. St. A.	Capt. G.	M. St. A.
1 P to K 4	18 B takes Kt	Kt P takes B	
2 P to Q 4	19 Q to Q B 2	P to K B 4	Q to K B 3
3 Q takes P	20 K R to K sq		
4 Q to Q sq	21 Q to Q 2	K to R 2	
5 Kt to K B 3	22 K to R sq	K R to Kt sq	
6 K B to Q B 4	23 P to K Kt 3	P to K 5	
7 Castles	24 Kt to Q 4	B takes Kt	
8 Q B to K B 5	25 Q takes B	Q to Kt K 4	
9 Q B to K B 4	26 Q to Q Kt 4 (c) Q R to Q sq		
10 Q Kt to Q B 3	27 Q takes K P (ch) K R to K Kt 2		
11 Q Kt to Q 5	28 Q to Kt 5	P to K 6	
12 B takes Kt	29 P takes K P	P takes K Kt P	
13 P to K 2 (a)	30 Q to K 2	Q R to K sq	
14 Q to Q B 3	31 Q to K B 3	P takes K R P	
14 Q to Kt 3 (b)	32 Q to K B 2	Q to K R 4	
15 B to Kt 3	33 Q R to Q 2	K R to Kt 8 (ch)	
16 Q R to Q sq	Kt takes B		
17 P takes Kt	Kt to K B 5		

And white surrendered.

NOTES TO GAME SECOND.

(a) Better to have taken with the pawn, however.

(b) This was taking the queen too far away from the point of attack. He ought rather to have made preparations for throwing forward the K pawn.

(c) Q to Q 2 would, perhaps, have been more advisable.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XXXIII.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1 R takes Kt (ch)	1 K takes II		
2 R to Q 2 (ch)	2 K takes R (best)		
3 Q to K sq (ch)	3 K takes Q, or moves		
4 B or Q mates.			

A train on the Central road this week made a run between Buffalo and Rochester in one hour and thirty-eight minutes. The train consisted of five passenger cars, and during the trip made five stops. The locomotive was the Henry Martin. This is the fastest running ever made on the road.

FINANCIAL.

THURSDAY, July 24.

THE money market is easy and without change. Call loans 5 per cent., and first class short paper 6 @ 7 1/2 cent. For about three months the banks of this city have been steadily enlarging their discount line, until it has reached a figure ten millions larger than at the same date last year. We have had during that three months a series of the most favorable and fortunate events in the financial world; and in the face of all these things it has been found impossible to get up a speculation in more than two or three stocks, leaving the great majority just about where they were in the early part of the spring. During the past week the stock market experienced no very important fluctuations. Operations were throughout to a very limited extent, and the closing prices, compared with those of the previous week, show a decline in nearly all the leading railroad stocks. Our advices from Europe continue of a favorable character, and our own financial affairs continue in an easy and satisfactory condition. The banks have lost considerable specie, but it has not yet affected their line of discount, or had any influence upon the money market. Notwithstanding the favorable condition of our local finances, it appears impossible to get up any speculative movement of importance in stock securities. There is no outside demand of consequence for stocks. It was expected that when all our political difficulties with Great Britain were satisfactorily arranged, there would be an active demand for certain stock securities for investment, and that prices would advance materially, but so far such anticipations have not been even partially realized.

The banks continue their system of expansion as their deposits increase, and are preparing sooner or later for a severe contraction. With the decreasing specie exports, and the weakening of exchange, this contraction may not come as soon as otherwise, but it will surely come, and those who keep under short sail will be best prepared to meet it. The line of loans is now nearly \$111,000,000, an unprecedented amount, and this is in a dull season of the year, when the business community require but moderate facilities. The specie line shows an increase of \$530,000, which is unexpected. It was generally supposed that the drain for the Sub-Treasury and for the Wednesday and Saturday steamers would have reduced the average below that of last week.

The country bank balances have been increasing during the week, and the deposit line although nominally showing but a small increase has in fact in view of the reduced clearing increased about \$1,600. The comparison with the previous week is as follows :

July 12.....	\$103,748,042	Specie.....	\$14,793,409	Circulation.....	\$8,405,756	Deposits.....	\$95,663,460
July 19.....	110,873,494		15,326,131		\$3,846,243		95,032,105
Increase.....	\$11,125,452		\$532,722				\$268,345
Decrease.....					\$59,513		

The anthracite coal tonnage by the last weekly report of the three principal lines, is large for the season. Shipments on the Lehigh Navigation are reported at 43,185 tons for the week ending on Saturday last, and 457,326 tons for the season. The season will probably extend through some seven months and a half—from about the middle of April to the 1st of December. Should navigation keep open so long, and the present rate of tonnage be kept up, the business of the season may reach 1,143,315 tons. The Schuylkill Navigation reports the shipments for the week at 32,103 tons, and for the season, 495,145 tons. The Reading Railroad Company brought down for the week ending on Thursday, 49,281 tons, and for the season, 1,137,382 tons. The total business of the three lines reaches, for the season, the very respectable figure of 2,089,806 tons.

TAXABLE PROPERTY IN THIS CITY.—The Assessors for this year return as follows, compared with 1855 :

	1856.	1855.
Real Estate.....	\$340,971,498	\$337,058,523
Personal.....	172,966,782	150,022,322
Total.....	\$513,937,280	\$487,060,838
Increase in 1856.....	\$26,878,442	

The greatest additions were, First Ward, \$6,128,446; Fifteenth, \$2,253,232; Eighteenth, \$3,714,437; in non-resident personal property, \$4,100,755. The Second, Third and Eighth Wards increase nearly two millions each, principally in personal estate. The Sixth, Twelfth, Thirteenth and Twenty-second Wards show considerable decrease.

Great Prize Romance.

THE WALL STREET SCHEMER: OR, THE IRON HEART;

BASED ON INCIDENTS OF ACTUAL OCCURRENCE.

BY MATTHEW MAIZE, Esq.

CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST NUMBER.

CHAPTER III.—THE MYSTERY OF THE IRON SAFE.

I RETURN again to Mr. Robert Vernon, and find him just as Trinity church clock is chiming five, stepping into his elegant cabriolet in order to drive home to dinner. Who could have dreamed that as he threw himself back in the vehicle and folded his arms in dignified elegance, that the brain that was hidden beneath that calm brow had conceived, and those delicate hands were that very night to carry into execution, one of the most fearful crimes that ever startled a community?

So long as he was in Wall street he was continually employed in nodding to his various acquaintances as they passed by the carriage, but no sooner had it turned into Broadway than he gave himself to deep thought, from which he only awakened on stopping abruptly at his own house.

Entering by means of his latch-key, Mr. Vernon passed immediately up to his private study, and having closed and locked the door, threw himself on a large easy chair that stood by an elegant and massive escritoire.

The apartment in which he was seated was probably eighteen or twenty feet square, and was situated in the rear of the main structure, in a building only large enough to contain the room in question, together with the passage leading to it, and was furnished with a degree of magnificence absolutely dazzling.

The carpet was green and gold, so soft and downy as to return no echo to the tread; the furniture was profusely gilt, and mantels, tables, étagères, were actually loaded with works of art and vertu; there were parian marbles of most exquisite finish; bronzes collected from every capital in Europe, and books and prints so rare and costly as to better suit some powerful prince than a plain citizen. The walls were almost lined with looking glasses, and over the windows hung curtains of a rich green damask, superbly embroidered with arabesque figures in golden thread.

For some moments the banker remained perfectly motionless, apparently continuing the train of thought that had occupied him during his ride, but at length he unlocked the escritoire, opened it, and then, after removing a mass of papers, he touched a hidden spring, and immediately a hidden drawer sprang forth from what appeared to be a solid mass of wood. From this receptacle he drew forth a paper, and spreading it open on the desk before him, leaned with his chin resting upon the palm of his hand and studied it attentively.

The parchment which was the subject of such earnest scrutiny contained what appeared to be a diagram representing sections of two buildings immediately opposite each other, and separated by quite a narrow street. Now in itself may appear a very trifling matter for such serious study, but look again and you will perceive that the diagram also contains a tunnel excavated under the street and connecting the two buildings above-mentioned, and if you examine very closely you will perceive with what care the said tunnel has been constructed, how in the centre where it must pass between the sewer and Croton water-pipe it becomes so narrow as to suggest the necessity of adopting a snake-like attitude to pass through it, and how it gradually widens towards either extremity, until it terminates at one end beneath an iron floor which appears to belong to a bank vault, and which floor has been cut through in a circular form almost to the surface, and at the other in a huge iron safe which, though only drawn in outline, resembles very closely the one so elaborately ornamented which stands in the banker's private office.

I think I have already informed the reader that the Bank of _____ stood directly opposite Robert Vernon's banking-house. Do you wonder now that he studied that diagram so attentively? or does some perception of the heinous crime in contemplation commence to dawn upon you?

It was very still in that room, deathly still, so still that the banker heard his own heart beat, and the rustling of the paper as he folded it and replaced it in the drawer sounded loud as the rush of waters.

Just as he was closing the desk, there came suddenly two or three sharp ringing blows against the window glass. Vernon turned deadly pale, and his hand trembled so that the key clattered in the lock; he tottered across the room, and carefully, stealthily drew aside the heavy curtains. Crack, crack again; heavens, how he started, and then laughed a low hollow laugh—it was only the dead branch of a rose-tree that had become unfastened and was tossed by the wind against the casement.

"Am I a child, that every noise should thus startle me?" he muttered; "this will never do—this will never do. If my courage falter already, what will be the end of this?"

He crossed the room to a small side-board, and taking from it a decanter and glass, half-filled the latter with brandy, and drank it off at a draught; then leaving the room, he hurried to his sleeping apartment, and after dressing himself with peculiar care, descended to the dining-room.

He found his wife and daughter waiting for him, and as he seated himself at table every shadow of the tempest that but now had shaken his entire being had disappeared; he ate heartily, and listened with great apparent interest to his daughter's account of her morning's adventure, and to Mrs. Vernon's suggestion that they could not do less than invite Mr. Percy to their approaching festival. He gave a willing consent.

While they thus discoursing and partaking of the dainties placed before them, let me trace just in outline the distinguishing features of mother and daughter.

Mrs. Vernon was just entering her fortieth year. She was about the medium height, and slightly inclined to embonpoint (a matter, by the way, that caused her great uneasiness); her countenance showed traces of beauty, but late hours had made sad havoc on cheek and brow, which she in vain endeavored to hide by the aid of rouge, *poudre subtle*, and other mysterious compounds only known to fashionable ladies of a certain age. She had married Mr. Vernon when he was both young and poor, but as wealth increased, love gradually died out, and she now only lived, moved, and had her being, to worship at the gorgeous shrine of the tyrannical goddess, "Fashion." On the present occasion, she was dressed in an elegantly fitting black *moiré antique*, trimmed with flounces of moist costly lace, and mingled with her still raven hair was an exceedingly becoming crimson head-dress.

Turn from the mother to the daughter! Was ever a greater contrast presented?

Mary Vernon was small in size, and a blonde; and not a single feature did she possess that would have led you to conjecture that she held so close a relationship to either of her companions at the table.

Her hair was of a delicate brown, almost approaching to auburn, and her complexion so fair and clear as to resemble the purest alabaster. She was dressed in a robe of pale silk, and wore no ornaments save only a plain gold bracelet clasped around either wrist.

They did not linger long around the table after the dessert was put on, for it was opera night, and the Vernons' box was seldom vacant on such occasions; so, having dressed themselves, they drove to the opera house, and the banker, having placed them in the *loge*, had them good night and retired. I need not add that both mother and daughter passed a delightful evening, when I tell you that the banker's wife was the centre of an adulating throng, and his daughter listened attentively the whole evening to the low, soft voice of Arthur Percy.

But not with them have I to do at present, for I must allow in the footstep of Robert Vernon.

When he left the opera house he walked very quickly down Broadway until reaching Spring street, down which he turned and kept on at the same rapid rate for several blocks; then he paused an instant and looked ahead until, apparently satisfied with his scrutiny, he resumed his way, but at a much slower and more cautious gait.

The banker's face was ghastly white, but fixed and firm, and his hand trembled not a jot as he placed the key in the lock and drew the safe door slowly open.

The three commenced then to take from it a number of boxes precisely similar both in size, appearance, and weight, to those used for packing gold for exportation.

Gazing around in order to see that he was not observed, Mr. Vernon shoved open the wooden gate, and on tip-toe approached the house; having reached the stoop, he mounted it in the same cautious manner, and producing a latch-key, he noiselessly opened the door and passed into the hall.

There was no lamp burning in the entry; so, after listening a moment and being satisfied that he was unheard, he groped his way up stairs. Arrived at the top, he threw open a door, from which issued a stream of soft, white light. Passing in, he closed the door behind him. The apartment in which he stood was large, and furnished with every elegance that art or luxury could suggest. But nothing it contained was so fearfully beautiful as the form and face that rose to meet him.

From beside a table loaded with books it rose up, a tall, majestic figure, a face beautiful but dreadful, and eyes that attracted you as with mesmeric force.

I have alluded to those eyes twice before: once when they met Arthur Percy's, as he rode beside Mary Vernon, and again when he caught a glimpse of them for a moment through the fountain's spray.

"So you have come at last," said the woman, in a low and deep voice, and with a just perceptible foreign accent. "It is well," said as she spoke she sank back in her seat, and motioned him towards a chair at her side.

"True," said Vernon, "one moment and I am ready." He took another quite small key from his pocket, and stepped forward.

"Suppose the night watchman at the bank should by any possibility discover us," suggested Hounslow.

"There is but one alternative."

"And that is—"

"Death!" Robert Vernon's voice sounded hollow and sepulchral, but it did not falter in the least, he had nerves himself for the task.

The room was quite dark, for the lantern burned but dimly, and the silence became oppressive.

The banker stepped within the safe, which was large enough to admit of his standing erect, and inserting the key which he held in his latch in the back of it, he pressed three or four times quite firmly, and then drawing it quickly out jumped back upon the floor. Almost instantly the panel flew open.

But instead of the black damp entrance to a subterranean tunnel, a clear white light burst forth flooding all the room, and revealing the figure of a man who in one hand held aloft a lantern, and in the other a revolver, with his finger on the trigger.

Vernon and his companions staggered back, their eyes strained on the spectre.

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"The devil himself could not have contrived a scheme equal to this," said Hounslow, in a tone of admiration, as he placed the last box upon the floor. "To-morrow, these boxes of lead will go on board the steamer, while the boxes of gold will be securely locked up in this safe."

"Listen!" interrupted the banker, "did you not hear a noise?"

"Not a sound," said Renshaw.

"I thought I heard a faint footstep in the secret passage." He crossed over and listened. Not even the shadow of a sound came back again.

"Now, then, we have no time to lose," said Hounslow.

"It is scarcely one yet," returned the banker, looking at his watch.

"No, but we shall have to let the door stand open awhile before we dare enter the tunnel, or the foul air would be the death of us," answered Hounslow.

"True," said Vernon, "one moment and I am ready."

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(To be continued.)

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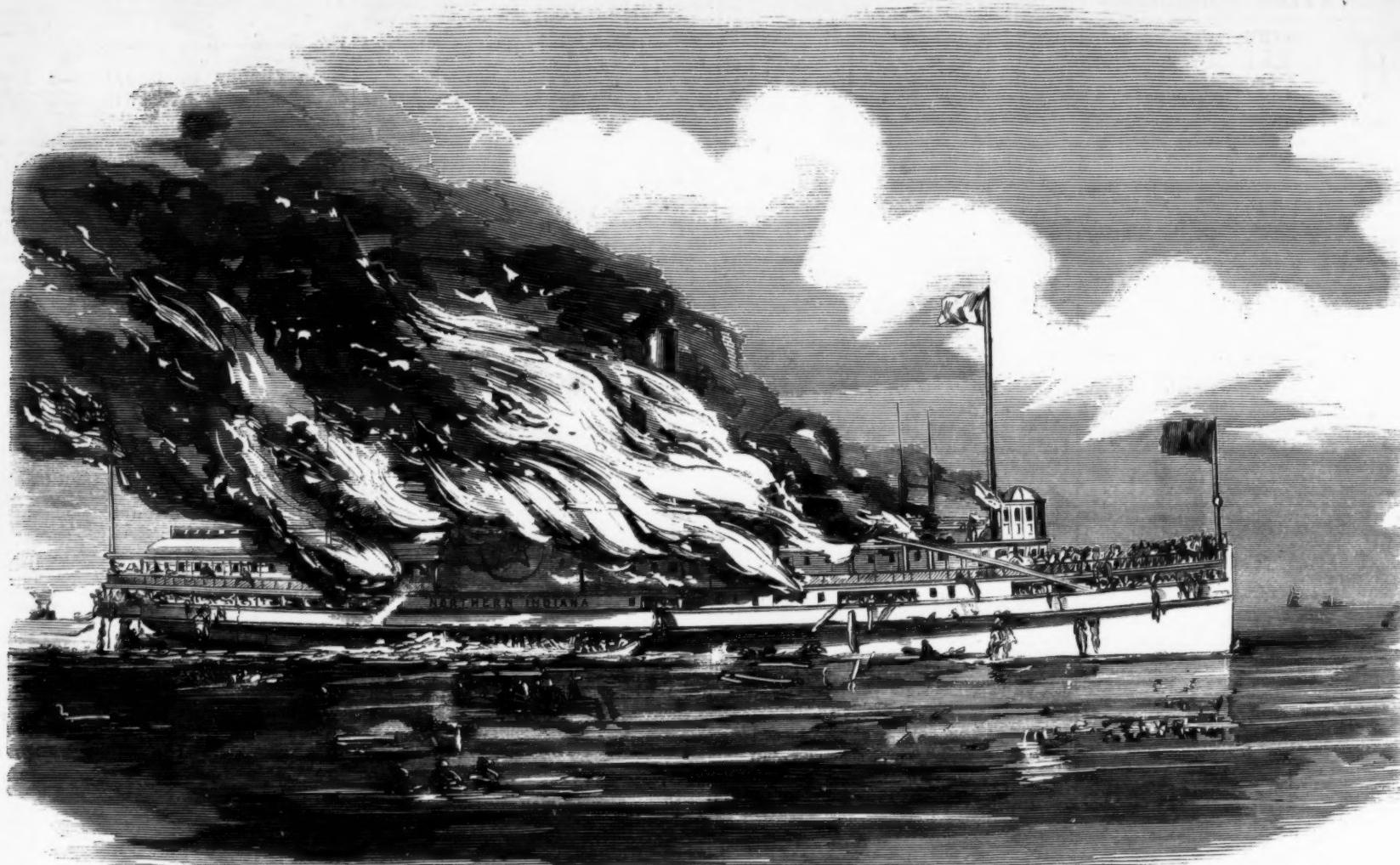
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A HISTORY

OF THE

LAKE ERIE DISASTER.



BURNING OF THE LAKE ERIE STEAMER NORTHERN INDIANA.

and then brought side-tables, sofas, big chairs, &c., from the cabin, all of which we threw overboard to the passengers in the water. By this time the steamer had stopped. Could not tell exactly when she did stop, but am confident she did not run over a mile from the time the fire was first discovered. After getting all out of the cabin we could, we commenced cutting the fenders away, and telling men to get on them. After cutting and getting away everything it was possible to get at, I went forward on the promenade deck. The engi-

which she held in her arms). I said to her, "Give me the child and I will save it if I get ashore." I passed it up to my friend on deck, the passenger, and followed it. I heard the woman calling after me, and looked back, and she passed me the other three of her children. Soon after, another woman passed up one about six months old.

Previous to this, the Mississippi, which, when the fire broke out, I thought to be five or six miles astern, had steamed down to us, and had picked up the most of those in the water. By this time her boats and those of the Republic came alongside to pick them off the burning steamer. The boats were full of life-boats, and those on board the boats kept telling the passengers to jump into the water. Many, and especially the women, were afraid to do this. A passenger said to me, "Take this child, and I will go and push them overboard." I took the child, and then had one in each arm, and three beside hanging to me. The passenger succeeded in getting off these women and some men into the water, and then I lowered the children away to them by the heaving-line. Then my friend, the passenger, went into the boat, and was the last man with me on board the steamer. I was the last person who left her. Previous to leaving her, I walked aft from fifteen to twenty feet from the stern, and stood there a moment without experiencing any inconvenience from the flames.

I then lowered myself on to the forecastle over the side to see if there was any one there, and found no one. I then lowered myself into one of the Mississippi's boats, which had just come up with no one in her but her crew; taking an oar we pulled to the stern of the steamer, and took off two men who were hanging at her rudder. We then pulled past to the leeward of her, and saw some one in the lee wheel through the flames hallooing and splashing the water. I called out to them to swim out from her if they could. They not doing it, we pulled under the lee of the wheelhouse, and then pulled into the wheel and found two ladies and a gentleman, and got them on board, and told the men to back away as there was danger of the wheelhouse dropping on to us. Not seeing any one, we pulled for the Mississippi. I thought all were saved that were in the water and whom it was possible to save, and I then asked Capt. Langley for a boat to assist in saving the wreck. He told me to take what hands I wanted. I jumped into a life-boat, taking the second mate and one wheelsman, a passenger from Toledo by the name of Anderson volunteering to go with me. I rowed to the propeller Republic and asked them to take hold of the wreck, which they promptly acceded to. They passed us two chains and the hawser, and ran down to the stern of the wreck. We made the chains fast to the rudder and then bent the lines to them, and then

went on board of this propeller, and she towed the wreck into Pigeon bay, near the Bluff, where she grounded, within two hundred feet of the shore. We then left for Detroit.

From the time the steamer caught fire until she was entirely abandoned, I should think it was from an hour to an hour and a quarter. I think I could have remained on her half an hour longer, when we left her, without much inconvenience from the flames. When the flames were discovered, the utmost panic took possession of most of the passengers, and it was impossible to maintain any kind of order.



THE RESCUE OF TWO LADIES AND A GENTLEMAN FROM THE WRECK OF THE WHEEL.

neers and second mate and wheelmen went below on the forecastle deck and commenced passing everything out of the forecastle deck, boards, mattresses, stairway, rigging-boxes, &c. I saw them passing them out. At that time one of the passengers called my attention to one of the broken cane stanchions, and we tried to get it out, but did not succeed. I went down to the forecastle and took the axe and succeeded in cutting it off. Passed up the axe to the passenger, as we wished to keep it with us, and as I was getting up, a woman came to me, saying, "I am alone with four small children" (one of

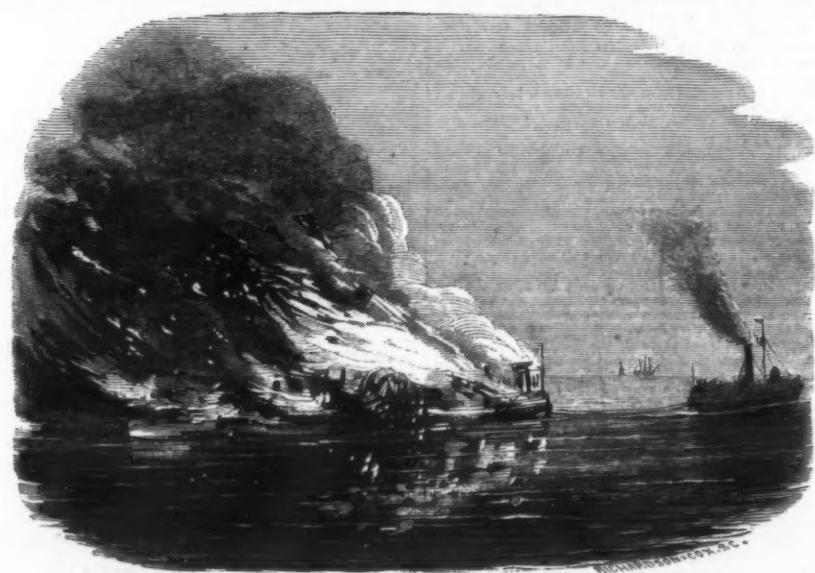


MCDONOUGH JUMPING INTO THE WATER WITH THE LIFE-PRESERVERS.

They paid no attention to my frequent appeals, although I repeatedly assured them that all could be saved if they would only obey orders. It is my positive opinion that not a single person forward of the wheel, however, would have been lost had they been in a condition to know what they were about. I did not see a single person drown, but I was too constantly engaged to look after the people in the water. My impression is that not more than twenty persons were lost, and those were principally from the forward boat, which fell from the cranes in the early part of the disaster.



PUSHING THE WOMEN OVERBOARD WHO WERE TOO MUCH TERRIFIED TO MAKE THE LEAP.



THE PROPELLER REPUBLIC TOWING THE WRECK INTO PIGEON BAY.